AVANT
GARDE
6

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FRONT LINES

A PORNOGRAPHIC JEUNE FILLE

Catherine Breillat, a sweet, blonde French girl, has written what the German magazine Stern has called "the most indecent book of the year." Her novel is entitled L'Homme facile (The Seducible Man). The story of her European succés de scandale might be called "How to Achieve Notoriety Without Being Actually Debauched." She is 16 years old.

Unlike France's last precocious shocker, Francoise Sagan, Mlle. Breillat shuns an air of angst and sadness in favor of the purest pornography. Her tale involves the awesome and multifarious adventures of a young French girl in beds all over Paris with a middle-aged playboy who would put a regiment of younger men to shame. However, while leaving nothing to the reader's imagination, wide-eyed young Catherine, daughter of a radiologist and a goat-breeder from Montpellier, insists that all of it is the unalloyed product of her own. "I have no practical experience in such matters," she tells you airily. "What one writes is one thing, what one does is another."

What Catherine does is live a proper life in a fashionable quarter of Paris with her stepsister Marie-Hélène. And she writes. Two new books, guaranteed gasp-getters both, are in the works. Le Libanais (The Lebanese), the story of a real-life scandal the author witnessed at Biarritz when she was 14, and Annabelle, a sort of "Son of L'Homme facile." In her spare time, she pursues her new avocation as a pop singer and songwriter. Her first release: something called "L'Homme facile." And what with all the offers pouring in from show-business agents, she seems well on her way to becoming a national industry.

On the subject of her somewhat incredible success, Catherine wonders only what took her so long to achieve it. "With my imagination," she says with the charming arrogance of innocence, "I could have written these books when I was 13!"

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DOWN ON NON-VIOLENT FARM

The farm of the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action is located on a side road a couple of miles east of sleepy little Voluntown, Connecticut, and it's hard to find if you don't know the territory. But you'd be ill advised to inquire at the Phillips 66 gas station that is Voluntown's most modern-looking establishment. At best you will be sent tooling off in the opposite direction; at worst you'll also be submitted to the verbal venom of a man who, like many of his neighbors, is convinced that NECNVA is a nest of Communists.

When you finally reach the site, you recognize it immediately by the permanent state police stakeout across the road. Your first thought is that the cops are there to keep an eye on the farmers, but later you're assured that the local police and the farmers, having been thrown together in hundreds of demonstrations over the years, have developed a strange, nearly cordial relationship. Rather, the uninvited stakeout is the result of a long series of vigilante attacks on the farm. These culminated one night last August when a gang of armed Minutemen unwittingly slipped through a police ambush (set up on a tip from the FBI) and invaded the farm with the apparent intention of burning it down. In the ensuing shoot-out, seven persons (two cops, four Minutemen, and one farm resident) were wounded, three of them seriously. The presence of the police is required because the CNVA people, on good pacifist principle, would refuse to call them no matter what the danger.

NECNVA was founded in 1960 in Norwich mainly as a base for protest actions against the Polaris submarine installation in nearby New London. These actions included everything from talk and leaflets, to actual boarding of Polaris subs. The farm was purchased in 1962 and set up as a sort of combination protest base, Gandhian ashram, and youth hostel. A population varying from 10 (in the winter) to more than 50 (on some summer weekends) lives and works on a 44-acre spread made up of buildings, small fields, and marvelous woodland, dominated by an ancient, imposing, three-story farmhouse which contains offices, kitchen, "family room," and sleeping accommodations. Denizens of the farm are classified as "visitors," "trainees," "residents," or "staff" depending on the length of their stay. Among the "staff" are such as Mari and Bob Swann, Erica Enzer, and Bradford Lyttle, veterans of pacifist programs dating back to World War II. (The Swanns live in a rakishly modern little house designed and built by Bob Swann, an architect who once worked with Frank Lloyd Wright.) Among the "visitors" and "trainees" are a preponderance of students and drop-outs seeking a vocation outside the society they feel is poisoned by war.

The absurdity of all the unreasoning hatred directed against the farm dawns on you slowly, as you realize that nothing could be farther from the den of sinister conspiracy nearby citizens fear than this community of gentle, super-principled persons. A product of anti-nuclear-testing protest of the 50s, CNVA retains the sincere, rather other-worldly tone of pacifist dissent in those days. It stands in total contrast to the roiling, revolutionary exuberance of the Yippies and New Left, a last bastion of "civil disobedience" as an exemplary self-sacrificial act rather than merely a tactic. Despite its communal forms, the farm is by no means a "commune" in the current sense. Its numerous taboos, insisted upon by older residents, are no less stringent than those of many square colleges—no pot, no alcohol, no departures from a "neat and clean" appearance, no falling below "a reasonable level of productivity," and no "brief, temporary, or promiscuous sexual relationships." The suspicious folk of Voluntown might find it hard to believe that these peaceniks are perforce probably better "behaved" than their own children.

Though it now seems almost tame by comparison to other protest groups, CNVA was until a couple of years ago in the militant vanguard of the anti-Vietnam War movement. Fred Moore, 27, who recently served 17 months in the Federal Penitentiary at Allenwood, Pennsylvania (virtually a concentration camp for draft refusers), is a veteran conductor of CNVA "caravans"—anti-draft leafleting and speaking teams that visit colleges and high schools across America, in effect "aiding and abetting" potential young resisters. He says that up to 1965, when national anti-war feeling really caught fire, a considerable majority of youths in jail for political crimes were connected in some way with CNVA. At present, the campaign against the war is being kept up.

However, being founded not on a political position but on a moral philosophy, CNVA has not made the mistake of marrying itself to the single issue of the current war. Even now it is preparing to launch a full-scale campaign to expose and deplore the role of the United States in Latin America and its potential consequences. This effort is led by one Elaine

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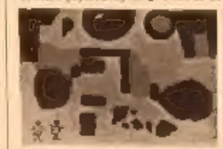

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Mikels, and is called AVILA ("Avoid Vietnam In Latin America"). And Bob Swann, as officer of an organization called International Independence Institute, spends much of his time on the farm studying means for the rejuvenation of underdeveloped rural areas of the world. CNVA is as much concerned about tomorrow's wars as about today's.

Supported entirely by contribution, the farm exists in a continual cycle of feast and famine (mostly the latter). How much food gets raised on the spot depends on whether anyone in residence is willing to undertake the hard work and responsibility; the remainder must be bought. Necessary work, like cooking, cleaning, upkeep, and night watch (the farm now has an elaborate homemade alarm system), is done on a voluntary basis, with everyone expected to do his part. Recreation is improvised, ranging from barbeque parties to walks in the woods, but a certain air of high seriousness, especially since the Minutemen attack, is the predominant mood.

Moore, a bearded, mild-mannered young man, regards the farm with the mixture of love and weary irony that seems endemic among the long-term residents and is perhaps the inevitable result of an attempt to maintain a community that is at once free-form, "participatory," and highly disciplined. "CNVA," he says, "is a bundle of paradoxes, contradictions, hassles, and hectic atmosphere. Just like a family. We tend to be very critical of ourselves." Then there are the meetings in which all matters are decided. "We're notorious for meetings, long meetings. We can spend an hour deciding whether the cat should be kept indoors or out." Nor do the younger people, members of a generation in revolt against authority, much appreciate the maze of restrictions placed on them by the farm's elders, who in turn resent being cast in the uncomfortable role of puritanical watchdogs. In other words, the problems that afflict America—the "generation gap" and the problem of how to live a life that is at once meaningful and pleasurable—also afflict the farm. And it is not to be expected that a utopian community directly involved in the real world should not have problems. In any case, internal troubles, any more than external attacks, are not likely to destroy an experiment that remains one of America's securest havens for conscience and one of her last best hopes, this side of revolution, for translating conscience into change.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

Madame de Staël said, "The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it." So it is with your editorial statement, "Amnesty Now!" demanding freedom for imprisoned anti-war protesters. Please renew my subscription at once to your magazine, which for me is synonymous with care, concern, courage, and compassion.

George Stanley
Santa Barbara, Calif.

To the Editor:

Bravo for your editorial "Amnesty Now!" But the resisters and conscientious objectors deserve more than just amnesty and more than pardon. They have earned praise and medals! If we have any honor left as a nation after Vietnam, America owes it to them who challenged our callousness and apathy and called us to wakefulness. My applause, too, for your suggested "amnesty of love" to the soldiers. They have been brave without even having a cause.

Edward P. Gottlieb, Chairman
War Resisters League
New York

Sir:

I have just read your editorial entitled "Amnesty Now!" Needless to say, I was quite surprised that any one person, let alone a national publication, could have such a lack of principle and moral scruple. True, there may be a few Honest Johns demonstrating against the war because of legitimate personal convictions, but the majority of these "brave victims," and I know many, are COWARDS hiding behind their skirts. You say, "They fled in dismay at a homeland that appeared to them to have gone mad." I contend that they fled in order to avoid the duties and responsibilities they owe a nation that has allowed them to live in freedom for the past 18 or so years! We, on the other hand, have had the courage to

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Take for example the Japanese shunga albums, described and illustrated in *Erotic Art of the East*. These are the traditional Japanese equivalent of the Western marriage manual. Instead of cold scientific diagrams, they are emblazoned with creative sexual art by major Japanese artists. Study of the shunga was long considered in Japan an essential part of a good, upper-class education. As late as the 1930's it was still the practice in some traditional Japanese department stores to include a shunga volume in the corner of a chest-of-drawers purchased for a prospective bride.

Nevertheless, Eastern taboos on the representation of sexuality in art can sometimes be as perplexing as our own. To study these pages closely is to discover that in China the artist was free to depict nakedness and coition, but not the female foot. In Meiji Japan, every detail of coition could be graphically portrayed in art, but total nudity could not be shown.

To turn the pages of this monumental volume can be, for the adult reader, one of the intellectual and aesthetic experiences of a lifetime of reading. The erotic masterpieces of painting, sculpture, manuscript-illumination, picture-scrolls, sexual icons, erotic artifacts, fan paintings, vases and other objets d'art reproduced in the book have rarely been seen before by modern Western eyes. Every conceivable variety of sexual practice, normal and "deviant", is painted, sketched and carved in the foremost surviving examples of Indian Temple art, Persian and Mogul miniatures, Chinese painting, and Japanese print-making.

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James R. Brouillette HM 3, Navy
Cpl. John M. Anderson, Marines
Cpl. Arthur J. Calhoun, Marines
Francis R. Collins, Marines
William De Motte, Marines
Vietnam

Gentlemen:

I am recently returned from Vietnam, where I served as a combat photographer. I'm writing to tell you that every issue of Avant-Garde I received there was read by at least 50 people, and from no one did I hear anything but praise. Just the mention of Avant-Garde is enough to start a conversation anywhere in Vietnam. Keep up the good work.

Robert E. Stetson
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Editor's Note: We at Avant-Garde are well aware of our popularity among servicemen in Vietnam, both from the number of subscriptions and from the vast quantity of editorial mail that originates there. But not all the indicators are so welcome. There are also the several copies of every issue returned by the Defense Department, unopened, each with a letter informing us that another reader has not lived to see out his subscription.

Sirs (ha):

Your "Amnesty Now!" editorial is disgusting. These people who deserted their country should be shot if they return, and nothing less.

As for Sgt. G.R. Mayhew ["Letters," A-G No. 4], doesn't he realize that smoking "pot" can very easily get the smoker killed (no loss) and other good Marines too? Tomorrow I'm bringing his letter to the attention of the proper authorities here, and maybe they can catch him smoking some of his grass. I hope so.

A Kill-Crazy Marine,
L/Cpl. R.D. Jones
Da Nang, Vietnam

Sirs:

Like Sgt. Mayhew says, there are many "other wars" being fought here in Vietnam. And headquarters surely is fighting a losing battle. They can't (or won't) accept the fact that we are, in fact, the most united and together generation ever. And we don't like their war. Or any other war, for that matter. But with people voting for Richard Nixon, and other silly stunts, what can we do? Except maybe ask and hope for the amnesty your magazine has proposed. Finally, hurrah for all the Company Ones and Sgt. Mayhews in the Nam!

[Name withheld], USMC
Da Nang, Vietnam

Dear Avant-Garde:

I'd like you to know that your publicizing of the marijuana troubles hereabouts has been a great comfort to me. You see, I and five other Marines are heading toward court-martial and a possible brig sentence for being caught with pot in our possession. We have already spent two days in the brig and have been relieved of all commands, clearances, and responsibilities. It is a boost to our morale (to be reminded that all of America doesn't react in haste and fear. Perhaps this paranoid era of war and hate will awaken the American spirit and enable our children to enjoy as rights the love and freedom we have always stood for.

If Avant-Garde ever needs my help and support, I shall be honored to oblige. Thank you for producing a ray of hope in a place where the Standard Operating Procedure is war, ugly, dirty war.

Sgt. R.G. Morris, Marines
Da Nang, Vietnam

Sirs:

Your editorial statement "Amnesty Now!" is a standing challenge to Americans. I myself belong to both your categories—a Marine and a protester—as do most of my friends here in Vietnam. We are persecuted for our preference for marijuana and can't always exercise our constitutional "freedom of speech" for fear of fine or imprisonment or both. Individual rights are often less observed in the service than under that supposed system of "evil," Communism. I would certainly not want to live under the iron hand of Stalin, but controlling lives is not far removed from legislating morality. I can only hope that our fumbling country will soon admit its Vietnam folly, then wage an all-out war on hate, poverty, prejudice, and ignorance. It is all too obvious that our racist system will no longer function even at home. Let us revise it to include all people. Then perhaps by our example we could exert an influence on other countries that we cannot exert with all our guts and guns.

A Corporal in Vietnam
[Name withheld]
FPO San Francisco

A GROOVE

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AVANT GARDE

AND NOW: THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION

"We are entering an epoch as significant as the one in which man evolved from the ape," says America's foremost science writer. "This is the new era of Participatory Evolution. No longer is man the creature of natural selection. Science has provided him with the technology to become his own maker."

LITHOGRAPH BY M.C. ESCHER. COURTESY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Under the magic wand of biology, man is now gradually becoming quite different from what he was. Here and now he is changing into a new and paradoxical animal, unknown to those who assign names to things, an animal with a special pied physiology. Here and now Homo sapiens is in the process of becoming Homo biologicus — a strange biped that will combine the properties of self-reproduction without males, like the greenfly; of fertilizing his female at long distance, like the nautiloid mollusks; of changing sex, like the siphophores; of growing from cuttings, like the earthworm; of replacing his missing parts, like the newt; of developing outside the mother's body, like the kangaroo, and of hibernating, like the hedgehog.

by R. Michael Davidson

With the rhapsodic passage at left, translated here from *Peut-On Modifier l'Homme?* [*Can Man Be Modified?*], famed biologist Jean Rostand penned the preamble to the Evolution Revolution, which has burst upon us with an impact that is bound to be felt for centuries to come. In history books yet unwritten, the remarkable discoveries of the mid-20th Century will be underscored to mark the beginning of a new epoch easily as significant as the one in which man evolved from ape. This is the new era of Participatory Evolution. No longer is man the offspring of Nature, the creature of natural selection. Science has provided him with the technology to become his own maker.

Dr. Edward L. Tatum, Nobel Prizeman, calls man's growing ability to engineer his own genetic future, "the most astounding prospect so far suggested by science." And Caltech biologist Robert L. Sinsheimer terms it "one of the most important concepts to arise in the history of mankind," adding that, "for the first time in all time a living creature understands its origin and can undertake to design its future."

But while science soars ahead in the light of this brilliant new dawn, society sleeps, dreaming what has gone before, not what is to come. Society and its laws lagged painfully far behind science during the Industrial and Technological Revolutions; it may now become hopelessly lost in the wake of the Evolution Revolution —*unless*, as Dr. Jonas Salk puts it, "the managers of society are given some advance notice of what may be in store." What follows, then, is not only a description of man's new creative prowess, but also an attempt to define some of the problems society will have to resolve if it is not to give way entirely to a technocratic elite.

If this particular revolution has any one father, it would have to be the late Dr. H.J. Muller, winner of the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine. This scientific visionary repeatedly startled the world with a program for genetic betterment called Germinal Choice. His plan called on parents to forego egotistical desires to reproduce their own genetic characteristics, to utilize sex *only* for pleasure, not for propagation. To populate the earth, and at the same time improve the human genotype, Dr. Muller proposed a program of artificial insemination, using the sperm of a select group of men, chosen for physical fitness and mental acuity. Women deemed fit to have children would be permitted, perhaps with assistance from their husbands, to pick sperm donors from this pool of men. In sharp contrast with the current policy of strict donor anonymity, Dr. Muller called for detailed dossiers on all donors to help the prospective parents make a wise choice.

Critics of the plan said that it was imbued with the odor of the human stud farm. And lack of donor anonymity, they charged, would greatly accentuate the legal and emotional problems of artificial insemination. In cases where the donor is known, they asked, could he be sued for child support should the mother's husband divorce or abandon her? Could the donor be named as a correspondent in a divorce proceeding? Could the administering doctor or the donor be charged with adultery? Could the wife similarly be charged? Could the AI offspring claim to be heirs of the donor in an estate settlement? And so on. These are not fanciful questions; there are lawsuits revolving around them in the courts today. Recently, for example, a woman was given custody of a child conceived

by artificial insemination. An Oklahoma court turned down her husband's request for visiting privileges on the grounds that he was not the child's biological father. The fact that he was the only father the child had ever known counted for nothing.

To skirt these problems, Dr. Muller urged widespread establishment of frozen-sperm banks. These banks would administer only those sperm specimens that had been in storage for at least 20 years or obtained from donors who had since died. Though Dr. Muller's dynamic program—backed in part by such scientific luminaries as Sir Julian Huxley and Nobelist F.H.C. Crick—has yet to be implemented, AI is rapidly coming into its own, perhaps accounting for 10,000 births each year. And frozen-sperm banks—some of which will be used to keep a sperm supply viable even in the event of nuclear war—are springing up all over the country. Dr. Jerome K. Sherman, a pioneer in this field, estimates that there are already hundreds of healthy babies conceived from sperm frozen for long periods of time.

Now egg-implantation techniques promise to make possible a *complete* program of germinal choice. Scientists have already succeeded in removing fertilized egg cells from prize cows and implanting them in genetically less desirable animals, which carry the embryos through to birth as if they were their own. Fertilization is achieved through artificial insemination, using only the sperm of choice bulls. The prize cows, freed from the burdens of pregnancy, can go on supplying egg cells to be implanted in other animals. Thus a prize herd can rapidly be built up. A cow that might have had only eight or nine calves in its lifetime, instead mothers hundreds.

The day is rapidly approaching when this technique will be applied to man. Leading geneticists say that it will be used not only to improve the quality of man, but to give the barren woman the fulfilling experience of childbirth, and the wealthy woman the opportunity to avoid the rigors of pregnancy and still have children. The barren woman will simply have her doctor implant a fertilized egg cell, in effect an embryo, into her womb; a woman too sick to risk pregnancy, but able to produce viable eggs, will have another woman, perhaps a relative, bear her child for her. The wealthy woman could simply hire another woman—a sort of super-mother surrogate—to undergo embryo implantation, carry the fetus through to term, and relinquish it to its real mother at birth.

Hence, as Jean Rostand notes, man is on the verge of an era in which reproduction no longer demands the actual physical union of two human beings. The genetic characteristics of a man and a woman can now be combined across vast distances of space *and* time. Man, says Rostand, will have to adjust to the notion that children can soon be born of parents who have been long dead or separated by continents their entire lives.

Though artificial insemination and the techniques of egg implantation have mind-stretching implications for society, man will be called on to make even bigger adjustments in his thinking when science usurps man's most sacred institution—motherhood—and makes it the prerogative of the test tube rather than of the womb. Already science has learned how to husband the miracle of conception *outside* the human body.

A few years ago, Dr. Daniele Petrucci achieved test-tube conception in his laboratory in Bologna, Italy. *In vitro* [in glass] fertilization occurred when he joined ripe ova with sperm in a carefully balanced laboratory environment. He kept the developing embryos alive in a nutrient solution that was similar to the amniotic fluid that surrounds the fetus in pregnant women. One of his test-tube babies lived 29 days, another 59. The historic experiments horrified the Catholic world and the Pope publicly condemned Dr. Petrucci and his work, forcing him to curtail further research.

The gap between science and society was suddenly exposed—and raw-edged, as evidenced in this anguished, but misdirected, volley from *America*, a Catholic journal: "The spirit of Frankenstein did not die with the Third Reich. His blood brothers regard a human being as just another expendable microbe, provided it is legally defenseless, physically helpless, and tiny enough to ride on the stage of a microscope."

Though Dr. Petrucci's critics overlooked the fact that his research is directed at the ultimate improvement of mankind, not at monstrous manipulation, they did raise one valid question. Is science able to cope with the requirements of the test-tube baby, once it is created? The answer, quite clearly, is no, not at the present time. But researchers are aggressively accepting the challenge on all fronts.

Researchers at the University of Kansas Medical Center, for example, are busy studying the function of the placenta, the computer-like organ that regulates the life of the fetus in the womb. The Center's Dr. Kermit E. Krantz has developed a placental simulator which makes it possible to study—and mimic—the functioning of this organ outside the womb. Others are ambitiously seeking to make artificial wombs out of steel, capable of supporting fetuses in pressurized, oxygenated nutrient baths from conception to birth. The Baby Factory of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* is already under construction.

Meanwhile, a new breed of medical specialists called fetologists are exploring the world of "the littlest astronaut." This sphere, previously considered sacrosanct, is now being probed with bold new techniques designed to detect genetic defects in time to do something about them. On the frontier of this new science is actual fetal surgery: the removal, treatment, and reimplantation of the fetus. All of this is expected to stand science in good stead when ectogenesis or test-tube pregnancy becomes a reality. By then, Rostand notes, "it will be little more than a game to change the subject's sex, the color of its eyes, the general proportions of body and limbs, and perhaps the facial features." Similarly, as science gains increased access to the developing fetus, the possibility of programming personality and increasing intelligence will be considerably enhanced.

Research in sex control is already yielding sensational results. Lab animals treated with hormones, in recent experiments, have undergone complete sexual transformations. Embryos originally destined to be males turn out at birth to be females, capable of reproduction. Females, conversely, are as easily transformed into males. Scientists have no doubt that similar techniques will one day be applied to man; at first, perhaps, to give parents children of the desired sex; later, to control the world's sexual balance.

Dramatic as these advances are, the doors to an even more astounding future have been flung open by discovery of the structure of DNA, the essence of biological inner space, and the chemical code of life. Now that man has broken that code, he can undertake to manipulate the DNA molecule and the genes that make it up, thus becoming master of his own heredity. Genetic surgery is the term Dr. Tatum and others have coined to describe the manipulation of DNA. Dr. Tatum foresees the day when geneticists will be able to delete undesirable genes, insert others, and mechanically or chemically transform still others—foreordaining, at the molecular level, the physical, mental, even racial characteristics of the incipient individual. Dr. Joshua Lederberg, another Nobel Prize-winning geneticist, believes that genetic surgery could become a reality within one or two decades, provided that an aggressive program of research is sustained.

But perhaps even before man is deleting unwanted genes with laser erasers and inserting others with viral transducers, he will be manipulating the chromosomal content of DNA in such a way that sex will no longer play any part in reproduction. Though the billions of cells that make up an adult human being seem to differ radically—some go into making up bones, others form to make eyes, skin, hair, and so on—they all have a common ancestry: a single fertilized egg cell. And each of those billions of cells contains a set of chromosomes precisely identical to those in the fertilized egg cell. For years biologists have been teased by the question: Why cannot each of those body cells—"loaded" as they are with the same instruction-laden chromosomes as the fertilized egg cell—grow into complete individuals, identical to the ones from which they have come? No one could think of any valid objection to the notion, but neither could anyone think of any way to bring this incredible stunt off.

Then, finally, in an historic breakthrough a few years ago, Dr. Frederick C. Steward of Cornell University successfully bypassed the sexual process of pollination in reproducing carrots. He took single cells from various locations on the body of a mature carrot and, by bathing them in nutrient solutions, grew them into adult plants identical to the carrot which had donated the cells.

Already an ingenious means has been found of duplicating this feat in the animal kingdom. Dr. J.B. Gurdon of Oxford University, using a technique first developed in the United States, routinely takes the nuclei out of frogs' body cells and implants these chromosomal packages in unfertilized frogs' eggs, the chromosomal content of which has been destroyed by radiation. In this environment the body cell nucleus, in each case, "switches on," that is, starts growing as if it thought it were a fertilized egg cell. The result? Normal tadpoles genetically identical to the body-cell donors from which they came, unique creatures of asexual propagation. Dr. Rostand notes that such offspring ought not to be considered the children of these cell donors but their twins.

Cloning, as this process has come to be known [from a Greek root meaning "cutting"], puts man "on the brink of a major evolutionary perturbation," according to Dr. Lederberg. He adds that "there is nothing to suggest any particular difficulty about accomplishing this in mammals or man, though it will rightly be admired as a technical tour de force when it is first accomplished," which, he indicates, could be at any moment.

A number of geneticists have recently pointed out that cloning, which amounts to a unique sort of parthenogenesis or virgin birth, offers numerous advantages over the Germinal Choice approach to improving the human genotype. In Germinal Choice one deals with two elements—egg and sperm cells—of only *potential* quality. Moreover, one can never be certain what specific advantages will accrue from their combination. With cloning, on the other hand, one deals with a single element—a body cell nucleus—whose value is already firmly established in the record of the adult cell donor. In other words, one simply selects exemplary members of society and proceeds to make copies of them through the cloning process. A single copy, a dozen copies, ten thousand copies, whatever society has use for.

Eventually, Dr. Lederberg predicts, body-cell banks will replace sperm and egg banks. And Dr. Rostand has proposed that even the average man put some body cells aside, to be used, in case of untimely death, to grow a whole new replica of the individual. The problem for society here, apart from the fact that the insurance companies will be forced out of business, will be the person who goes on replacing himself indefinitely, thus achieving a sort of immortality. And, of course, precautions will have to be taken to keep fanatics and madmen from cloning themselves. "Imagine," shudders one geneticist, "what would have happened if this technology had been available in Hitler's day."

The problems may be awesome even among sane men. Just as nationality and racial origin have turned men against one another in our own era, suggests Dr. Lederberg, so might "clonism" generate strife in a future era. But if the wars of the clones can be avoided, the phenomenon offers immense promise for mankind. Besides making possible unrestricted duplication of prize cattle, race horses, and other animals, it opens up a number of new possibilities to man himself—including, in Dr. Lederberg's words, "the free exchange of organ transplants with no concern for graft rejection." And the neurological similarities of the members of a common clone will greatly facilitate communication, making astronauts, soldiers, underwater explorers, and others who must work closely together, ideal candidates for cloning.

The late Dr. J.B.S. Haldane, world-famed biologist and one of the first to propose cloning people, recommended that individuals with "special effects," such as lack of pain sense, visceral perception, resistance to radiation, and so on, be among those selected for cloning. Most individuals, he suggested, should not be cloned until they have their life work behind them. Then they could spend their retirement teaching clonal "offspring" all they know. Dr. Lederberg agrees with this approach, noting again that the neurological similarities of teacher and student will go a long way to bridge the generation gap that makes contemporary education such a chore. Others, whose value to society proceeds from their physical capabilities (dancers and athletes, for example), will be cloned young.

But man will never be satisfied with running off carbon copies of existing models; he will set out to make new ones. Human hybrids are just around the corner. Already laboratory technicians have grafted human chromosomal material onto that of other animal species. So far these experiments have been limited to isolated tissue cultures but, says Dr. Lederberg, "Before long we are bound to hear of tests of the effect of dosage of the human twenty-first chromosome on the development of the brain of the mouse or gorilla." Finally, he believes, we will produce man-animal chimeras of "varying proportions of human, subhuman, and hybrid tissue." A panel of highly respected scientists predicted not long ago that such techniques will be used to create human-like animals to perform low-grade labor.

"What," asks Dr. Lederberg, "is the moral, legal, or psychiatric identity of an artificial chimera?" And more important, "how is it possible for man to demarcate himself from his isolated or scrambled tissues and organs on one side, and from experimental hybrids on another?" He suggests this answer: "Pragmatically, the legal privileges of humanity will remain with objects that look enough like men to grip their consciences, and whose nurture does not cost too much. But rather than superficial appearance of face or chromosomes, a more rational criterion of human identity might be the potential for communication within the species, which is the foundation on which the unique glory of man is built."

Dr. Haldane, ruminating on some of the ways man might change himself, once commented, "It may be that our remote descendants will be immortal, sessile [attached to the ground, like a flower], or born talking perfect English." But first, he said, man will create a number of mutants, each bred for a special environment. For life under the sea, obviously, lungs will have to give way to gills and other fish-like properties. For low gravitational fields, Dr. Haldane recommended "a regressive mutation to the condition of our ancestors in the mid-Pliocene, with prehensile feet, no appreciable heels, and an ape-like pelvis." So much for future moon dwellers. For high gravitational fields such as the colonizers of Jupiter will encounter, Dr. Olaf Stapledon has called for a human quadruped with an elephant-like trunk for grasping.

Genetic manipulation is certainly an important aspect of Participatory Evolution; but there is another facet to this phenomenon, one even more breath-taking than test-tube birth, clonal propagation, and hybridization. It can be summed up in one word—"cyborg." The cyborg—or cybernetic organism—is part man, part machine. It defines a new rung on the evolutionary ladder and points to man's ultimate destiny. Already there are cyborgs among us—individuals with dacron arteries, ceramic hip joints, silicone breasts, pacemakers, electronic bladders, plastic corneas, and so on. Eventually, many scientists are convinced, man will be almost indistinguishable from machine, having discarded all his bodily parts (except, perhaps, for his brain) for more durable, if not immortal, mechanical counterparts.

Cybernetic experts are already talking about brain-computer symbiotes. Some foresee the day when it will be possible to discard even the brain, having first programmed all of its knowledge and personality into a computer "being." Astrophysicist Arthur C. Clarke goes even further:

"I suppose," he says, "one could call a man in an iron lung a cyborg, but the concept has far wider implications than this. One day we may be able to enter into temporary unions with any sufficiently sophisticated machines, thus being able not merely to control but to become a spaceship or a submarine or a TV network. This would give far more than purely intellectual satisfaction; the thrill that can be obtained from driving a racing car or flying an airplane may be only a pale ghost of the excitement our great-grandchildren may know, when the individual human consciousness is free to roam at will from machine to machine, through all the reaches of sea and sky and space."

And if Clarke's final vision comes true, man will eventually grow weary of corporeal existence in *any* form. The final evolutionary step will come, then, when he learns how to translate his being into "frozen lattices of light," becoming a creature of electromagnetic radiation, able to probe the far reaches of the universe with the speed and agility of light, "free at last from the tyranny of matter."

MELLE'S MELEES

THE CANVASES OF A NEW DUTCH MASTER MIRROR THE MIND'S ETERNAL CONFLICT BETWEEN REALITY AND SYMBOLISM

In the paintings of few other artists are the familiar and comforting landmarks of surface reality so completely fused with the landscape of the unconscious as in the paintings of Melle, a Dutchman born Melle Oldeboerrigter, in Amsterdam, in 1908. In fact, there may be only one other painter who has similarly intermingled reality with symbolism: Melle's illustrious countryman Hieronymous Bosch, with whose works Melle's are often compared. Melle, like Bosch, has been the subject of numerous psychoanalytical treatises. Until recently, his work has been best known in psychoanalytic circles. Late last year, however, on the occasion of his 60th birthday, the Dutch government conferred upon Melle a knighthood and assembled the first comprehensive show of his paintings (at the prestigious Rijksmuseum Twenthe, of Enschede). Avant-Garde is pleased to join official Holland in its belated tribute to a modern Dutch master, and here presents Melle's work to an American audience for the first time.

SELF-PORTRAIT

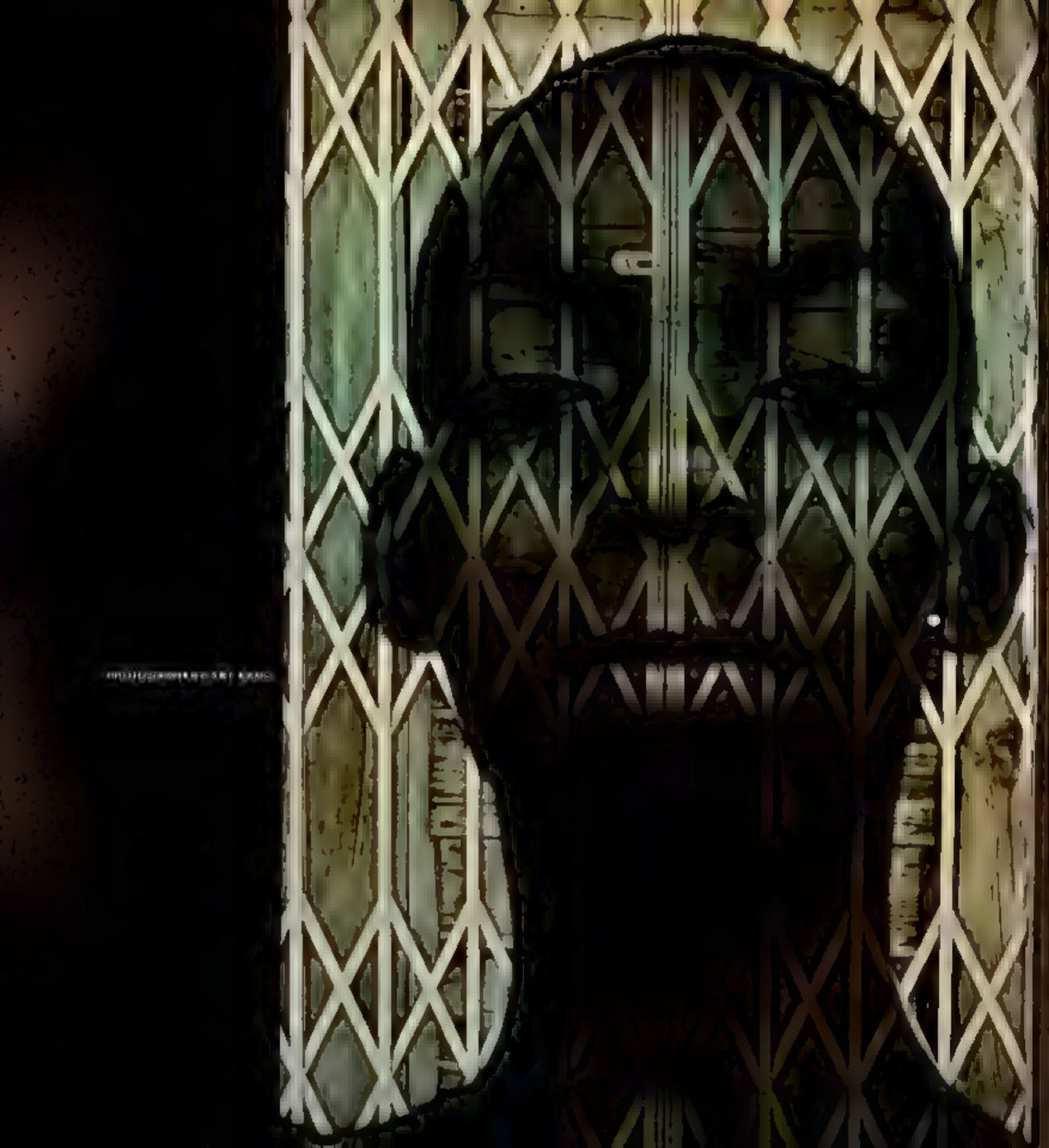
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

SHIP OF DEATH

WHITE THURSDAY

SAINT ANTHONY

VERONICA



BREAKING OUT: A BLACK MANIFESTO BY DICK GREGORY

George Wallace was half right when he said "Gregory's not funny any more." The whole truth is that Dick Gregory is far from merely funny these days. His years of immersion in the caldron of our racial strife have transmuted the master comic into a wise, eloquent, and lacerating spokesman for black aspiration—a one-man hot line from the heart of the ghetto to the conscience of White America. Speaking at rallies and on college campuses across the country, running for President, publishing an insightful book (Write Me In!), Gregory has spread the word of black liberation with wit and passion. Now that Malcolm X and Martin Luther King are gone, Gregory is one of the few truth-telling voices left in the land; and, for all its jokes, it leaves no bitter truth untold. Turn this page to find out why it makes George Wallace squirm.

People ask me, if I had been elected President what group of citizens would I have had the most trouble with. And I have no doubt that I would have had the most trouble with colored folks. One of my first acts would have been to wipe out the poverty program and set up a [illegible]-billion-dollar-a-year White Folks Rest Program. I'd take all those white folks off their good jobs and put them on my Rest Program. And I'd give my black brother a good job for the first time in his life. I guarantee you that after six months of doing this colored folks would be marching on me at the White House saying, "What's wrong with you? Lettin' these white folks lay around not working, getting relief checks havin' all them babies."

Other people ask me how I can be nonviolent and talk about violence so much. I am committed to nonviolence, but I don't go pushing nonviolence on anybody else. I am a vegetarian. I don't believe animals should be killed, but I would never knock a steak out of your hand. I am damn sick and tired of folks calling me up when riots break out, asking me to come and help cool the niggers. My reaction to this is that I didn't heat them up, and I am not going to cool them off.

As far as violence in this country is concerned, the thing that upsets me most is that America is not afraid of violence until it becomes black violence. When Lyndon Johnson mentioned crime in the streets in his last State of the Union Message, Congressmen stood up and clapped and screamed for five minutes. That was because crime in the streets had already become America's new way of saying "nigger." Now I am not saying that we shouldn't do anything about black violence—but when my President stands up and talks about crime in the streets, I can't help but wonder what day the President of this nation will go on television and say, "Vote for me and I will wipe out the crime syndicates in this country." Everybody in this country talks about black crime; nobody seems to be worried about white crime.

There is an insane double standard to America's violence. In Orangeburg, South Carolina, three black kids were killed on the college campus. The slaughter was rationalized by saying the students were unruly. For the past 10 years white college kids have been going to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, every spring, and tearing up the town. Not one of them has ever gotten shot. I am not saying, "Start shooting white folks to justify killing black folks." And I'm not saying this country can't kill black folks. I am just warning you that the nation had better prepare itself to understand our attitude after black folks are killed. Have you ever read where the police shot into a whorehouse, or gunned down a group of pimps standing on a street corner? When the Mafia had its big meeting in Apalachin, New York, the police didn't shoot into the meeting room. But they will shoot into a group of black college kids and think nothing of it.

I wonder what day we will become honest with the problems of this society. America is a racist country, and when we realize that black folks and white folks born in this country are Americans, then we will realize that racism means white folks and black folks, too. Why shouldn't blacks be racists? We watched whites for 400 years. When Stokely Carmichael said that we don't want any more white folks in the Civil Rights movement, some racist press cried "reverse racism!" There is nothing reverse about it. Black folks have a right to hate white folks the same as white folks have a right to hate us. No black man is going through the back door to throw a rock at white folks.

Anyway, if Whitey got out of the Civil Rights movement because Stokely told him to, then he didn't want to stay in the first place. For every white cat we lose out of the Civil Rights movement, we gain 30 beautiful black cats, baby, who are ready to die. They are not in it just because they feel guilty or are trying to get rid of some hang-ups. We get people who ask us how come black folks are so hard on the northern white liberals? It is because the liberals have become obsolete with the Black movement. Thanks to liberals, we need white radicals. When Stokely Carmichael talked about no white folks in the Civil Rights movement, that was no racist statement. What Stokely and the rest of us meant was that we are tired of young whites coming down South with their hang-ups and their guilt. Before they come back to Mississippi, let them take a black man home with them to the suburbs of New York or Boston or Cleveland.

We are dealing with a dishonest country, and worse, with one that is totally mad. Last year the newspapers said the Senate and House had debated for four months on whether to have a Clean-Meat Bill. Should that be debated?

Moral pollution is written deep in the record of America's history. I am glad America forced me to read her corrupt history books and find that she continues to insist that black kids in the ghetto read it. Very instructive. It says that on his way to find his freedom and to worship his God, the Pilgrim stole no land. Isn't it strange that a man who seeks relief from oppression starts out by enslaving a group of people and later condemns them for seeking relief themselves? And as you turn the pages of that American history book, the story gets more and more polluted. The Pilgrim lands in the New World and "discovers" a land that is already occupied. How do you find something that somebody else already has, and you claim you discovered it? That is like my wife and I walking down the street and seeing you and your wife sitting in your brand-new automobile, and my wife says to me, "Gee, I'd like to have a car like that." And I answer, "Let's go cover it." So I walk over to you and your wife and say, "Get out of that damned car. My wife and I just discovered it." The shock you would naturally feel gives you some idea of how the Indians must have felt.

Look at Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. Stokely is 27. Rap is 23. Two young cats have scared the mightiest nation on the face of this earth to death. Is that insanity? People ask me what is wrong with Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael. I can tell you what's wrong with them. They have dared to become as bitter as Patrick Henry. I think that if we could question Stokely and Rap and trace their history back, we might not justify what they are doing, but we would sure understand it. I met Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown six years ago in Greenwood, Mississippi. Rap was just 17 years old then. Stokely insulted me. He said, "Nigger, if you can't be nonviolent, get the hell on back up North."

It was the Stokelys and Raps and the S.N.C.C. kids that taught nonviolence to the movement. Think about what they went through.

Do you know what it is to try to integrate [illegible]? You get that little black kid, take him by his hand, and the kid is smiling and saying, "Thank you for taking me to school." You want to throw up because you know you are really taking him to die. You walk past that barricade and just as you approach those stairs to take that little black kid to that school, you are attacked by the mob, the sheriff and the police, and the next thing you know you are lying down in the gutter with a white man's foot on your chest and a double-barreled shotgun on your throat, and you hear, "Move, nigger, and I will blow your brains out." You lie there in that gutter and try to muster up the manhood to tell yourself you don't mind dying. You look across the street and see the FBI taking pictures. And as you lie there you spot that little black kid, baby, just as a brick hits him right in the mouth.

We got busted in Birmingham, Alabama. They arrested 2400 of us, some were little kids, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 years old. We aren't crying about that. Put everybody in jail, put unborn babies in jail, if it means getting what we want. But when you go to jail, they put the men in one place and the women in another place, the adults away from the kids, and the little girls away from the little boys, and right across from our cell block is where the police put the little girls. I stayed in jail four days, baby, and every night I had to sit and watch those police bring Lesbians in and turn them loose on the kids. Now, if you want to see a sight, you look at a Lesbian tampering with a 4-year-old kid. Listen to the kid yell and holler and scream. The FBI knew about it. The news just never got around.

This is what they want [illegible] years. For six years [illegible] had faith in America. They were screaming [illegible] help and none [illegible] the Lesbians. Now they have us [illegible] in America and they are screaming and everybody hears them, and they are saying, "No, baby, now we are going to take care of this thing ourselves." That is all they are saying.

Nonviolence didn't help Stokely and Rap [illegible] people talk about riots hurting our cause. That [illegible] thinking Rap's [illegible] burning [illegible] should [illegible] but we are living in a nation [illegible] insane that it [illegible] help. The [illegible] After the [illegible] riots, Henry Ford [illegible] good books [illegible]. We know why [illegible] he [illegible] Federal Plan [illegible] Don't scorch the Mustangs, baby. If the Indians come to Detroit and start burning, they will have 6000 red folks next. I wonder why this country can wake up only after an act of violence.

Twenty or 30 years ago you could say something to the black man in this country and get by with it, because the black folks had an empty stomach. Today black folks have a full stomach but a hungry mind. And a hungry mind will not tolerate the same things that an empty stomach did. Twenty and 30 years ago in this country, white folks told black folks that education was our problem, and the niggers ate it up. Let me tell you, baby, education is not and has never been our problem; education is only a cheap Whitey hang-up. But 30 years ago, on an empty belly, we believed it was our problem.

Are you aware of the fact that an American Negro by the name of Charlie Drew invented blood plasma? And yet he bled to death in an Atlanta hospital waiting room after an automobile accident, because they didn't accept niggers. Ol' Charlie Drew had the education, the knowledge, and the wisdom to give blood plasma to the world, and he died from the lack of his own invention. Not because he wasn't educated, but because his face was black. We are damn sick and tired of people telling us to quit marching and go down into the ghetto and pull our brother up by his bootstraps. Give him some boots first.

If the word "relief" upsets you, please change the name to "foreign aid." That doesn't seem to bother you. We are saying that we are living in a nation so insane that 22 of the richest people in America never pay income tax because of a tax loophole. That doesn't bother America. But if some black man wants to get relief, if some woman in the ghetto—black or white—needs to write off her baby's milk that upsets this country. Something is wrong.

Everybody tells us that we are doing all right. Look at Civil Rights legislation. We say if it is all that good, how come white folks don't take it and live with it, and give us the Constitution? Civil Rights legislation isn't anything but another way of insulting us. It means that for 100 years a white man has changed my dollar for 32 cents, and now he is giving me 64 cents; we don't call 64 cents change for a dollar progress. That is still cheating. We are going to get a full dollar's change for this dollar or the cash register won't ring again.

This country is telling me that if I go to Vietnam and get killed, now never to see my wife or six black kids again, my black wife will get $10,000 because her man died for his country, but my black wife can't take that $10,000 and buy a home in any neighborhood she wants to. And if my Daddy had been killed in World War II, this would be my 36th year of living without a father. Yet that same German who fired the gun to kill my Daddy could move to this country and buy a house in a neighborhood where my Daddy's son would be excluded. This is insane.

We pretend that there is freedom of choice and majority rule. We went to the polls in 1964 and voted for the lesser of two evils. We ended up with evil all the same. When you stoop to vote for the lesser of two evils, you're dirtier than they are. Dr. Spock went out in 1964 marching for LBJ all the way, and now they have put him in jail. I hope you cats wake up.

I spend 90 per cent of my time on college campuses, and there's a reason for it. The young kids today are the most ethical that have ever lived in the history of this country, if not the world. I went on a 40-day fast to say thanks to the young kids in this country, thanks, baby, for doing what they are doing, and I went through it all as a way of punishing myself for not having whatever it takes when I was their age to guarantee their generation the beautiful things that they are guaranteeing for my kids. That's why I got hung up on that fast.

Black folks in this country don't hate white folks. We hate the white system, and when a man hates a system, that's revolt, and you don't stop revolt. There is a bloody revolution going on in this country today, right against wrong. You know the theory of spontaneous combustion. Take some oily greasy rags, put them in your closet at home, close the door so the air can't circulate, and see what's going to happen. Put your foot up on the door, hold it closed, and you aren't going to hear anything. The black ghetto from one end of this country to the other is America's oily greasy rags, and if we haven't enough sense to snap that door open, we are going to wake up barbecued.

Tomorrow's Classics

40 WELL-KNOWN CREATORS, CRITICS, AND C[illegible] AND POP ART SPECULATE ON WHICH MODERN WORKS WILL ENDURE

E[illegible] songs of the[illegible] pieces are composed [illegible] and read[illegible] one-thousandth part will be sufficiently distilled by time to be potable even 50 years from now. Quite probably [illegible] a great deal of what knocks us [illegible] tomorrow's [illegible] works that are addis-on or immortality. It is offered partly as a prod to your own mag not on[illegible] and partly as a time-capsule for the amusement of future generations

COMPILED BY LESLIE M. POCKELL

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

[illegible]

CHARLES SCHULZ

[illegible]

[illegible] what is a novel [illegible]

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

[illegible]

MAURICE GIRODIAS

[illegible]

ANDREW WYETH

[illegible]

RICHARD LIPPOLD

[illegible]

JOHN UPDIKE

[illegible] human qualities [illegible] have always admired and tried to emulate Green's rightness of touch, both verbally

LARRY RIVERS

[illegible]

[illegible] of his last paintings "Sun in an [illegible]

THEODORE M. BERNSTEIN

[illegible] The New York Times that consider a classic of modern journalism. Re[illegible] stress gave excellent coverage of a very fast-breaking story. Editors [illegible] and fun story, including a p[illegible] Treatment was a classic [illegible] teamwork and profes[illegible] pressure.

WILLARD VAN DYKE

[illegible] MUSEUM DEPARTMENT [illegible] MUSEUM OF MODERN ART [illegible] Museum of Art concludes [illegible] to explore strong [illegible] of our time, [illegible] and [illegible]

Weeded by Jean-Luc G[illegible]

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

[illegible] The Family and [illegible] [illegible] Page [illegible] Trap T[illegible]

PETER LEGGERI

[illegible] "[illegible] Love" is a key [illegible] – [illegible] there is an alternative to a plastic [illegible] staying power than Bob Dylan, even, [illegible]

RUDI GERNREICH

[illegible]

RALPH ELLISON

[illegible] Southeast [illegible] everyone [illegible] weirdness and with all these pe[illegible] reading Fanon and Sartre and s[illegible]

INVISIBLE MAN RALPH ELLISON

"THE MOST DISTINGUISHED SINGLE WORK [illegible] BOOK WEEK [illegible] OF 200 PROMINENT AUTHORS, CRITICS AND EDITORS

JAMES FARMER

[illegible]

[illegible] and developed [illegible] scheme. The things about the black-white [illegible] our try will be [illegible]

PETER MAX

[illegible] today [illegible]

GODFREY CAMBRIDGE

[illegible] My [illegible] [illegible] Brooklyn [illegible] Harlem [illegible] become [illegible] nobody

RICHARD ARMOUR

BARBARA GARSON

WALTER GROPIUS

SHIRLEY CLARKE

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Charles E. Silberman

SAUL ALINSKY

HARRY GOLDEN

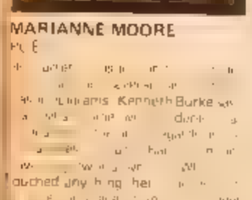
EDWARD STEICHEN

PAUL GOODMAN

BROOKS ATKINSON

CATCH-22
JOSEPH HELLER

ALAN ARKIN



HELEN GURLEY BROWN

MARIANNE MOORE

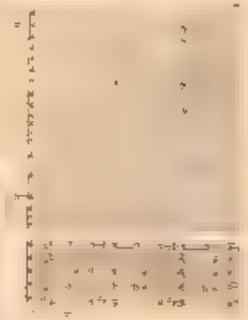
LOUIS DORFSMAN

ALAN WATTS

NAT HENTOFF

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

STANLEY KAUFFMANN



NED ROREM

S.J. PERELMAN

BEN SHAHN

HARPER LEE

LOUIS SIMPSON

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the new left

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

Phil Ochs wasn't the only shaggy, blue-jeaned young man to trudge into Greenwich Village in 1962 lugging a guitar and fancying that under a certain light, he looked a little like James Dean. That was just part of what was happening in the early 60s before hippies were invented and "folk" married "rock," and America had lost the last of her innocence in Vietnam. However, Ochs is definitely one of the few such young men who has passed the intervening years doing what he set out to do [illegible] important.

[illegible] now possesses [illegible] and one of the keenest of ironic wits. He has five LPs to his credit, plus numberless tours concerts and a fair-sized, enthusiastic personal following. Also he is probably the best known "protest song" specialist in the country, a brilliant and articulate voice for radical-minded young America as familiar a sight on the political platform as on the concert stage. The only member of that prewar Village generation who has made it bigger is Ochs' former friend and ex-hero Bob Dylan, who has, of course, made it very big indeed.

[illegible] Ochs one afternoon a few months ago in the office of Mike Ochs, his brother and manager, when he breezed in, accompanied by Jerry Rubin, a friend who is also *de facto* prime minister of the Yippie movement (since busted on a pot charge). Ochs was grinning. You never see him grinning in the photos on his album covers. He's always serious there. But that grin is his most attractive and memorable expression. It is open and engaging, but also guarded somehow, reflecting at once the two most striking characteristics of his personality: optimism and irony. Otherwise, he was wearing a version of the old Village uniform (which is a uniform by dint of being as little like a uniform as can be): jeans and a battered suede jacket over a work shirt, modified by a more fashionable leather vest. His medium-length dark hair occasionally flopped in his face.

Ochs dropped himself into a chair and thumbed through the mail his brother had selected for his attention. One letter was from Eugene McCarthy, warmly thanking him for his help. Ochs had performed at a couple of McCarthy rallies and was lending his name to the campaign. He regarded the missive a little suspiciously, peering closely at the signature to

determine whether it was genuine. He couldn't decide.

"You want to keep that?" Mike Ochs said. "I'll just file it away, if you don't."

"Well—" he said, still skeptical. "Well, yeah." And he slipped it into a pocket.

Another attraction was a book in Russian, a collection of American protest songs. Three songs were by Ochs. He received the book from his brother's hand and stared with mild fascination at his name in Cyrillic letters.

ФИЛ ОКС

"Wow," he said, softly. Rubin looked at it too and said, "Now you're a real subversive." He was kidding. Rubin actually thinks of Ochs as being somewhat hopelessly conservative.

Then we all went down to a nearby bar. Ochs ordered a glass of Burgundy with ice in it. He played with the swizzle stick as he talked, tinkling the ice a lot. He appears to be restless all the time, as if he were continuously seeking to make himself comfortable and only half succeeding. He is a good talker, with a sense of humor that is a sort of casual mockery, more or less impartially making fun of others and himself. The nervous manner serves as a kind of visual counterpoint.

I wanted to talk to him about his new album, *Tape from California*, just out at the time. I especially liked an anti-Vietnam War song called "White Boots," of which these are a couple of verses:

Train them well the men who will be fighting
by your side
But never turn your back if the battle turns
its tide,
For the colors of a civil war are louder than
commands
When you're white boots marching in a
yellow land

Blow them from the forest and burn them
from your sight.
Tie their hands behind their backs and
question through the night
But when the firing squad is ready they'll be
spitting where they stand
At the white boots marching in a yellow land

I said I thought the song was sort of, well, "Kiplingesque." Ochs liked the idea and we recalled that Kipling had written a poem called Boots" about British soldiers marching in India. He seemed pleased by the irony of being related to the literary apologist for imperialism. It was a nice conceit. "There's your article title," he crowed. "The Kipling of the New Left!"

Well, okay.

The Kipling of the New Left was born Dec. 19, 1940, in El Paso, Texas, the son of a doctor attached to an Army base there. His family led a rather unsettled existence, as his father moved from one veterans' hospital to another, and Ochs grew up in various places, East and West. (He has yet to resolve his split allegiances to New York and California.) His high school was crusty old Staunton Military Academy in Virginia, where he was in the same class as Barry Goldwater's son Michael. Michael Goldwater edited the school literary magazine, *Scimitar*, and actually published Ochs' first literary effort, a prize-winning short story about, in his words, "a rabbit run over by a car and left dead and squashed on the highway." Not that Ochs thought of himself as that rabbit. Far from it.

"I liked it fine there," he said complacently. "Maybe it's a little scary in retrospect, but at the time I had no thoughts about anything. My main interests were weightlifting and going to the racetrack, playing the horses. You might say I was involved in providing a 'hood' exterior for my soft middle-class inner being." In addition, he dug a lot of country music and played in the school's marching band: "Clarinet, saxophone, cymbals, and drums. I'm still a big John Philip Sousa fan. There's always been a big martial influence in my songs. (Kipling again.) It puzzles people until they figure it out."

The military thing runs deep with Ochs. He recalls being quite impressed with Senator Barry Goldwater when the latter spoke at his class's graduation (this was 1957). "He looked so military." And he admits to being even now an avid fan of war movies of the John Wayne genre. "I guess I still romanticize the military," he said, "only now in reverse." In this light, certain songs of his, like "I Ain't Marching Anymore," take on a personal significance.

But Ochs was a myth-hungry young man in areas besides the bellicose. He was a born hero-worshipper. "I've been James Dean-ized, Elvis Presley-ized, John Kennedy-ized, Malcolm X-ized, Fidel Castro-ized, and Che Guevara-ized. That's my whole life right there. All the rest is fiction." It was in the midst of doing one of his generation's "things"—going "on the road"—that Ochs began to sense his calling. He had gone on from Staunton to Ohio State University, then he dropped out for a while in favor of romantically bumming his way around the South. Thrown in jail in Florida for vagrancy, he collaborated with a Negro prisoner on his first song, a rock 'n' roll number entitled "Three Dreams" that is to be found on nobody's hit parade. But Ochs at least had contracted the writer's itch. Then he returned to Ohio State and roomed by chance with a gifted folksinger, Jim Glover, now of the well-known duo Jim & Jean. He simultaneously enrolled in journalism school, took up the guitar and got political.

In his third year at Ohio State, Ochs did two things. He joined Glover and a few other undergraduates in a rather ingenuous folk group called "The Sundowners" (subtitled "The Singing Socialists") and started a mimeographed newspaper called *The Word*. An editorial in that paper praising Fidel Castro landed him in hot water with both students and administration ("My first taste of Free American Journalism") and soured him on the school. So he packed up guitar and typewriter and left for good, moving on to Cleveland, where he found employment playing and singing in a lounge bar. There he met singer and guitar stylist Bob Gibson, a decisive influence on his musical manner. Then in 1962, he came to New York.

Ochs paused in the interview to order another glass of wine. He took the occasion to recall that he had once, especially in college, been a fairly heavy drinker. "No more," he said. "Now I just smoke pot all the time." I asked him if it was okay to put that in my article, and he said, "Sure, why not?"

The conversation took a political turn. Over the years, from his sideline artist's position, Ochs has often flirted with open political activism—and "the System." For some time he was a "Kennedy man." Robert Kennedy appreciated the compliment. A couple of years ago he had Ochs along as his companion on a flight from Washington to New York. But early this year Kennedy's reticence to challenge LBJ made him unpopular with the young, and Ochs joined the swing to McCarthy. Not that his support for McCarthy was exactly all-out. His romantic attachment to the idea of Revolution has continuously kept him teetering to the further Left. He was an enthusiastic warrior in the Battle of Chicago, hauled to jail for helping nominate Pigasus, the pig for President on the Yippie ticket, a ceremony conducted at rush hour in the Loop. But his congenital optimism has so far kept him in the strictly kooky wing of the Movement. A deep-dyed skeptic, he seems driven, almost against his will, to question the sweeping pronunciamentos about American society that spring so readily to the lips of his peers.

"Look," he said, "you can't say things aren't changing. America may be corrupt, but it's still capable of reform. The air is full of stirrings for something new—there's McCarthy, Yippies, the New Left, Black Power and so on."

At this point Rubin winced slightly, indicating that Ochs had hit on an old bone of contention between them. "That's all wrong," he said. "Phil is like combining opposites. McCarthy and the Yippies just have nothing to do with each other. The whole problem is corporate America, which has to be totally destroyed and rebuilt. Phil is talking in contradictions."

"The world is full of contradictions," Ochs said.

"Not in my life it isn't," Rubin shot back.

Ignoring this sally, Ochs turned to me. "Look, I can't stop believing in reform and evolution. I guess I'm still some kind of democratic socialist. I don't know what you'd call me."

"A Fabian socialist?" I offered helpfully.

Ochs gave me a sort of irritated side-glance. "No, No, I'd say I was more the *Avalon* type." Then he grinned. "See, I don't know any economic answers. I just think profit and private ownership are still okay in some places, so long as you don't allow any total monopolies."

Rubin sighed.

Fortunately, it is not so much for the infallibility of his politics that Ochs is harkened to, as for his ability to dramatize the attitudes, uncertainties, dreams, and nightmares of the young—not to mention the flair and thrilling directness of his singing. Coming from him, even a silly idea has more sense and appeal than the rarest wisdom of the nation's grayest heads. Last year, for example, he launched a one-man campaign pegged to the novel slogan, "The War Is Over," from his song of the same name. Accordingly, a sort of V-E Day-type celebration was held in Washington Square, with everybody whooping it up and pretending that the war was, indeed, over. And what might have been a cruel farce was, thanks to the Ochs multiple-edged irony, just crazy enough to be really refreshing. Anyway, it was a pretty short-lived campaign.

When Ochs hit New York in 1962 there wasn't yet much of a market for his brand of urban folk music, only for the ersatz Kingston Trio variety. So he did what all the other young hopefuls did: played the Village "basket houses," where, after his set, the singer would circulate a little wicker basket for contributions, and also places like Israel Young's Folklore Center. His lyrics were frequently published in Sis Cunningham's *Broadside* magazine. On this mini-circuit he met other unknowns like Tim Hardin, Richie Havens, Tiny Tim, Arlo Guthrie, and Bob Dylan. "I met Dylan," he said, "just after he had written 'Don't Think Twice.' It was a jolt, a real blow to the ego, to meet somebody *that good*. For a long time I simply stood in awe of him. His reaction to my songs was, mostly, that he liked them, though sometimes he hated them.

But I thought the quality of his work slipped a little with 'Blonde on Blonde.' I still do. Anyway, I told him so at a party, and he told me, in effect, goodbye." I haven't seen him since. These days I don't feel competitive with Dylan at all any more." But a certain tension in Ochs' voice tells you that he still does. It would be unnatural if he didn't. Dylan is still the team to beat in contemporary singing, and Ochs is not noted for the modesty of his ambitions.

Ochs' recent development from guileless, purely "topical" singer to maker of long, supercomplex, orchestrated and sophisticated songs on the order of "Pleasures of the Harbor" and "Crucifixion," obviously owes something to Dylan's example. In fact, Dylan and Ochs have consistently mined pretty much the same lode—the thoughts and feelings about life, self, and society, of the alienated young man. Alienation comes more easily to Dylan. He is a natural-born lone wolf with a profound personal affinity to the dark, the weird, and even the criminal. Ochs' sunnier nature makes some of his experiments with this posture a little strained. Perhaps for this very reason, many of his lyrics are more violent and savagely satirical than any of Dylan's. His song "Rhythms of Revolution" ends with a glad vision of more or less total bloodbath, an idea that Dylan, knowing that lone wolves are *persona non grata* in any social order, could hardly be thrilled by. You sometimes get the feeling that Ochs is trying very hard to be cynical and anti-American," which surprises you because his own free-wheeling, mocking, optimistic caring is so perfect in its way.

When Ochs is really terrific is when he opens up and lets you have it direct: protest, irony, affirmation, whatever, without subterfuge and mystification. Like Kipling. Because, like Kipling, Ochs is above all a master rhetorician. That is, he has a genius for reframing conventional ideas in such a way as to restore something of their original freshness and power. "White Boots" is an example, giving a whole new slant to the antiwar position. And when Ochs comes right out and tells you where he's at, you believe him. It's a good place to be.

There's no place in the world where I'll belong
when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong
when I'm gone
And you won't find me singing on this song
when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

You can tell by the sound of his voice, clear and ringing and full of its own strength, that what he's saying is right. He really is making the most of his life. There's more:

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm
gone
And I can't question how or when or why
when I'm gone
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

LYRICS BY PHIL OCHS
A PORTFOLIO

Outside of a Small Circle of Friends

[illegible] there's a woman being grabbed.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up, they're hanging on a cliff.
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain,
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks
like it's gonna rain.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor.
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the
floor.
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops,
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

There's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale.
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine,
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York
Times.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer.
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him
thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why,
But demonstrations are a drag; besides, we're much too
high.
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Love Me, I'm a Liberal

I cried when they shot Medgar Evers, tears ran down my
spine,
And I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy, as though I'd lost
a father of mine,
But Malcolm X got what was coming, he got what he asked
for this time--
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

I go to civil rights rallies, [illegible]
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy, [illegible]
becomes a star;
But don't talk about Revolution, that's going a little
bit too far--
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

Oh the people of old Mississippi should all hang their
heads in shame;
Now I can't understand how their minds work, what's the
matter, don't they watch Les Crane?
But if you ask me to bus my children, I hope the cops
take down your name.
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

I read New Republic and Nation, I've learned to take every
view,
I've memorized Lerner and Golden, I feel like I'm almost
a Jew;
But when it comes to times like Korea, there's no more
red, white, and blue--
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

I vote for the Democratic Party, they want the U.N. to be
strong.
I attend all the Pete Seeger concerts, he sure gets me
singing those songs.
And I'll send all the money you ask for, but don't ask me
to come on along--
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

Sure, once I was young and impulsive, I wore every
conceivable pin,
Even went to socialist meetings, learned all the old union
hymns,
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser, and that's why I'm
turning you in--
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal.

The War Is Over

Silent soldiers on a silver screen;
Framed in fantasies and drugged in dreams
Unpaid actors of the mystery.
The mad director knows that freedom will not make you free.
And what's this got to do with me?
[illegible] over, it's over, it's over.

[illegible]ard cowboys of a new frontier
Drowning Indians in vats of beer.
The troops are leaving on the Trojan train;
The scum is in their eyes, but I am hiding from the rain.
Now one of us must be insane.
I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

All the children play with Gatling guns.
Tattooed mothers with their tattooed sons.
The strong will wonder if they're really strong.
It doesn't matter lately whether we are r[illegible]
But surely we've gone on too long.
I declare the war is over, it's over,

[illegible]ts painting angry signs
[illegible]sion just to blind the blind,
Poisoned players of a grisly game.
One is guilty and the other gets to point the blame.
Pardon me if I refrain.
I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

But at least we're working building tanks and planes,
And a raise is coming so we can't complain.
The master of the march has lost his mind.
Perhaps, some other war, this fabled farce would all be
fine,
But now we're running out of time.
I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

So do your duty boys and join with pride:
Serve your country in her suicide;
Find a flag so you can wave good-bye.
But just before the end even treason must be worth a
try
This country is too young to die.
I declare the war is over, it's over, it's over.

One-legged veterans will greet the dawn,
And they're whistling marches as they mow the lawn,
And the gargoyles only sit and grieve,
The gypsy fortuneteller told me we've been deceived
You only are what you believe.
And I believe the war is over, it's over.

Changes

Sit by my side, come as close as the air,
Share in a memory of grey,
And wander in my words, and dream about the
Pictures that I play -of changes.

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade,
And then they have to die, trapped within the
Circle time parade--of changes.

The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze,
A race around the stars, a journey through the
Universe ablaze--with changes.

Moments of magic will glow in the night,
All fears of the forest are gone.
But when the morning breaks, they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn, of changes.

Passions will part to a strange melody,
As fires will sometimes burn cold.
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the
Silver strings of souls, of changes.

[illegible]

Cops of the World

Come get out of the way, boys,
Quick get out of the way.
You'd better watch what you say, boys,
[illegible]tter watch what you say.
We've rammed in your harbor, we've tied to your port,
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short,
So bring your daughters around to the fort--
'Cause we're the [illegible] of the world, boys, we're the cops
of the world.

Our boots are needing a shine, boys,
Our boots are needing a shine.
But our Coca-Cola is fine, boys,
Coca-Cola is fine.
We've got to protect our citizens fair.
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there,
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years--
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops
of the world.

And dump the Reds in a pile, boys,
Dump the Reds in a pile.
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys,
Better wipe off that smile.
We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck
And we'll find you a leader that you can elect.
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops
of the world.

And clean the johns with a rag, boys,
Clean the johns with a rag.
If you like, you can use your flag, boys,
If you like, you can use your flag.
We've got too much money, we're looking for toys.
Guns will be guns, and boys will be boys;
But we'll gladly pay for all we've destroyed--
'Cause we're the cops of the world, [illegible]
of the world.

And please stay off of the gra[illegible]
Please stay off of the grass.
Here's a kick in the ass, boys,
Here's a kick in the ass.
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to knock,
We've done it before so why all the shock.
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
And we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops
the world.

And when we've butchered your sons, boys,
When we've butchered your sons,
Have a stick of our gum, boys,
Have a stick of our bubblegum.
We own half the world, oh say can you see,
And the name of our profits is democracy,
So like it or not you will have to be free--
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys, we're the cops
of the world.

The PRESIDENT'S GOLDEN ZIPPER

A FABLE

BY FRED RAYFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALCORN

The President was proud of his golden zippers. Every set of trousers he owned was provided with solid gold flies, fashioned expressly for the Chief Executive. In addition to their rare beauty, the zippers had a special feature that made them particularly desirable to the President: They were completely automatic—the only such flies in the world. Merely by pressing a small button concealed under the cloth flap that covered his fly, the President was able to open or close his zipper in a flash, with no further effort on his part.

The automatic zipper system was designed for the President by an outstanding team of tailors and engineers who were motivated by the conviction that in carrying out the loneliest, most exhausting, and demanding job in the world, the Chief Executive should not have to cope with the shortcomings, inefficiencies, and occasional failures of the ordinary hand-operated fly. The President's fly should be gold, they felt, as befitted his stature, and to afford him a little extra pleasure during those rare moments when he was not occupied with affairs of state.

The Golden Fly (as the President himself referred to it) was not pronounced ready for the President's use until it had been thoroughly tested in thousands of challenging situations. After nearly a year of these exhaustive test runs, the designers felt certain that their lustrous mechanism was ready for insertion into all of the President's trousers. Immediately they set the President's mind at ease by assuring him that the push-button system would never fail to carry out its vital function under any and all circumstances.

The President took to his new device with alacrity and, in fact, became quite missionary about it. Rarely did he miss an opportunity, whether at the most intimate or most public occasions, to expatiate on the innovation and to demonstrate its remarkable qualities. The Golden Fly became one of his great enthusiasms. Soon everyone of consequence in the nation's capital was personally familiar with the "flying zippers," as they were dubbed by the diplomatic corps. The President loved to entertain by pressing the push-button to make the zipper fly open, then again to make it close. He would oblige with encore after encore as the hypnotized onlookers followed the swiftly bobbing action of the apparatus to the accompaniment of the delighted President's syncopated squeals of: "Blast off!" "All systems A-OK!" and other apropos ejaculations. He was especially fond of demonstrating his automatic Golden Fly to the Secretary of State and the Vice President, who repeatedly expressed their enchantment with it to their Chief. Often the President would lighten his sessions with these functionaries by launching into a sudden and unexpected demonstration of his flying zippers. He was fond of doing the same at meetings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff as well, and of the Bureau of the Budget. In this way, the President would dispel, at least momentarily, the tension that hung over these grave sessions.

Even complete strangers were frequently treated by the President to a display of the automatic Golden Fly. It was widely known that among those whom the Chief Executive favored with such an exhibition were the following: an ambassador from the Middle East who had just presented his credentials, a new State Department appointee; the incumbent head of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a visiting Latin American general who had recently carried out a successful coup; a group of children on the White House lawn; the President's opposite number at a summit meeting; a group of wives of visiting dignitaries; and, on a trip to Rome, the Pope.

At lavish banquets of state and political dinners, the President often digressed from his planned remarks to give his assembled guests a glimpse of the action of his remarkable fly. Once, the President afforded a television audience of more than 40 million Americans an intimate insight into the trials of his lonely office. In a remarkable aside from the prepared text of his address, he described how, when the burdens of the Presidency became almost too much to bear, he would retire to the privacy of his favorite washroom in the White House and there open and close his golden zipper for a few moments of badly needed relaxation, after which he would return to his desk, strengthened for the momentous issues that awaited his attention.

The press gave the President's predilection extensive coverage, of course, and recounted a steady stream of anecdotes that illustrated the Chief Executive's affection for his dazzling zippers. It was said, for instance, that in the privacy of their boudoir, the President entertained the First Lady with the ingenious apparatus for literally hours on end. The First Lady, whose interest in beautifying the United States is known to everyone, was said to remark wistfully that when golden zippers, operated automatically, were worn by all male Americans, the goal of a handsomer nation would be that much closer to realization. The President, on his part, was said to feel that the automatic Golden Fly was not just an expensive luxury, that one day it would be as integral a part of the good life as is the washing machine, the refrigerator, and the jet plane.

The President's attachment to his Golden Fly became so widely known that there was rarely an official or social confrontation at the White House that did not begin with a request for a personal glimpse of the workings of the wondrous device, and these manifestations invariably drew gasps of ad-

miration from the onlookers.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the President has strong tastes and deep-rooted loyalties, and Washington newsmen soon learned that while one might criticize the President's national and international policies with relative impunity, to disparage his fly was virtually to commit professional suicide through ostracism by the entire White House executive family. In general, however, newsmen were little inclined to criticize, for they too admired and praised the President's fly.

As the day approached for the illustrious and much heralded meeting in Washington of leaders of nations tied to the United States in the Grand Alliance, the President ordered a new and expensive suit of dark cloth to be prepared especially for the memorable event. The President instructed his tailors to outfit the trousers with a particularly lustrous and smooth-working Golden Fly whose glitter would be emphasized by the contrast of the dark suit.

Unfortunately, it developed that the President had not given his apparel-makers sufficient time in which to assure production of an impeccable garment. The suit was completed a bare few moments before it was donned by the President, leaving no time for the usual shakedown trials. Thus it passed unnoticed that the fly's push-button mechanism was faulty. A needle had pierced the delicate spring connecting the push-button to the zipper, and this crucial spring was damaged.

The President pulled on his trousers with the secure feeling that all was in order. So confident had he grown, due to faultless past performance of the zipper, that when he pressed the push-button on his new trousers, he did not take the trouble to check the results. Lulled into complacency, he was not aware that his seemingly infallible invention had failed him, and that the Golden Fly remained agape. In this state of vulnerability, he went to face an assemblage of the world's notables: a live audience of many thousands, a television audience of millions of ordinary Americans, plus many millions of overseas viewers who were tuned in via the satellite system.

As he stood at the Washington Monument with his distinguished guests, the President was silently grateful that the historic occasion was being transmitted in color, thus assuring that his dazzling zipper would be reflected in all its glory. As usual, he planted his legs slightly apart, and then arched his back so his Golden Fly would be clearly visible to both the live and the television audiences. This maneuver, however, only succeeded in further exposing his *faux pas*.

Still, the unfortunate defect might have gone unnoticed had it not been for the President's own actions at this point. Seemingly carried away by the immense crowd and the heady fraternity of the occasion, the President likened the ties forged by the Grand Alliance to the carefully wrought, precious links of his cherished Golden Fly. Before the Alliance had been formed, he said, there had existed a vacuum into which a malignant foreign element might easily have moved. But now that the Alliance had been closed snugly zippered up, as he put it, the member nations could successfully resist any evil outside force. As he said this, he pressed the push-button quickly a few times to illustrate the existence of the vacuum, and then its closing by the linked-together nations.

"The Grand Alliance we are saluting here today," he said, "is fittingly represented by this Golden Fly, which I now close as a symbol of the security, dignity, and lofty aspirations of the Alliance binding the nations of the Free World."

And he pressed the push-button a fourth time, little knowing that the button had not done its job even once. His fly remained unclosed. "This is a proud day," he stated, "for all who cherish the fruits of our technological leadership."

Despite the acute embarrassment of the situation, everyone who stood near the President, led by the Vice-President and the Secretary of State, burst into loud and prolonged applause and vociferous cheers, hoping in this way to obscure the President's predicament. For it was apparent to all the dignitaries (who stood in a semicircle around the President) that the Chief Executive's fabled zipper had failed him. The multitude assembled on the grass gathered, too, that something had gone amiss with the President's famed apparatus, and had looked on in bewilderment as he futilely pressed his push-button.

When the distinguished leaders of the Free World initiated their clamorous applause, however, the multitude on the grass was swept up by the excitement and joined in raising a deafening din of approval. Visibly moved by this reception, the President arched his back still more prominently and spread his legs even further apart to make his Golden Fly—the symbol of the Alliance they celebrated—even more squarely visible. The maneuver brought an increased roar of approval from the dignitaries up front, and this noisy acclaim was echoed by the many thousands on the grass. In the crowd, however, one little boy, who sat on his father's shoulders, did not join in the enthusiasm. When the applause had at last died down and given way to complete silence, the little boy called out loudly and innocently: "But Daddy, the President's fly is open!"

The child's clear alto voice carried through the crowd to the dignitaries up front and was wafted to the television and radio microphones and into the homes of the millions of viewers throughout the world. And all the people saw immediately that what the child had said was true. A murmur swept through the crowd on the grass before the Washington Monument, and indeed through the entire nation and the Free World: "The President's fly is open!"

At this point, the President turned his back on his audience. A wave of bitter resentment had swept over him. He was so wrathful that he refused to look down to determine whether his fly was, indeed, open. Instead, he assuaged his hurt by gazing at the obelisk that pierced the blue sky overhead.

The Secretary of State, ever adept at hurling himself into the breach, moved quickly to the microphones and said that the Grand Alliance was as closely knit and unrupturable as the President's great Golden Fly. The Alliance could not fail, he went on, any more than the automatic zipper would fail the Commander in Chief. And one by one the leaders of the Free World went to the microphones to back the sentiments expressed by the Secretary of State. They spoke as though nothing had gone wrong, as though the zipper had worked smoothly and still deserved to be considered infallible.

But the people of the United States and the Free World knew that their leaders were fabricating, and they were shocked. They knew that the President's fly was open, and nothing said by the dignitaries could close it. A wide gap had developed between the people and their leaders. And all because a child had dared to speak the truth!

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: A RUNNING COMMENTARY
TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. HATTERSLEY JR.

SYLVAN HART IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE WILDERNESS

A 20TH-CENTURY HERMIT, LIVING IN SOLITARY SPLENDOR BESIDE IDAHO'S RIVER OF NO RETURN, IS A SECRET MOSES OF THE HIPPIES' EXURBAN EXODUS. BY J. RANDAL

Not too long ago, Allen Ginsberg wrote a poem admonishing the young people of America to cut their hair, go to the country, and leave the cities to their own destruction. The old Beat prophet, a sage at the age of 42, read the signposts of apocalypse right again. From San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury to New York's Avenue C, those thoroughfares of the psyche-scarred have now become routes to the soil. With America's alienated young beginning to sit up to the twang of country steel guitars and with the next folk-music revival rehearsing underneath a shade tree, street-hardened hippies are abolishing such rural utopias as Hog Farm in California, Drop City in Colorado, and the Madison Commune in New Jersey. Emmett Grogan, founder of the Diggers, that shadowy former police force of San Francisco's flower community, is now busy founding rocky outposts in weather-beaten Vermont. Even Allen Ginsberg has bought a farm in upstate New York, five miles from the nearest telephone and, reportedly, 20 miles from a Black Militant guerrilla training camp. What's the use of being a Messianic visionary if you can't look around the corner into the future and see America's cities becoming a battleground for Algerian-style terrorism, if they're not first asphyxiated by their own ill wind, buried alive in their own garbage, rubbled in their own graft-corrupted cement or overrun, once and for all, by their burgeoning plagues of cockroaches and parking tickets? Survival has become the hippest word in the hippie lexicon. When the United States Post Office issued a commemorative stamp honoring Henry David Thoreau, New York's *East Village Other* promptly hailed it as a "hippie stamp." The trend, of course, is bound to make a hero out of Sylvan Ambrose Hart, living alone on the River of No Return, where he never thought too much of Thoreau, anyway. "The trouble with Thoreau," says Sylvan Hart, "is that he didn't stay at Walden long enough to really learn his job." Who is Sylvan Hart? If Allen Ginsberg can tell the young people of America to go to the country, Sylvan Hart can tell them what to do when they get there. Sylvan Hart is the new prophet of survival.

Like America, he was there all the time, but it took the United States Forest Service to discover him, in the Land of the Light on the Mountains, beyond Five Mile Bar at the confluence of the turbulent Salmon River and the perilous Big Five Mile Creek. There, Sylvan Hart has built his own camp, wrought his own knives, manufactured his own gunpowder, molded his own bullets and lived with bears, mountain lions, and the ghosts of Jedediah Smith, Christopher Carson, and Johnny Behind-the-Rocks, with almost no one else to talk to, since 1937. Thoreau? He may as well have gone to a hotel in the Poconos for a few weeks. Survival is a full-time preoccupation, a lifelong pursuit. "For the city man," says Sylvan Hart, "life is just a jumble, like the facts in a college freshman's notebook. But you can ask me anything about nearly any thing, and I can answer because I've had time to think about it." On the blades of his home-made knives he has inscribed slogans like "Liberty or Death" and "Kill or Be Killed." On one of them, he has simply engraved the word "Nuts."

When the Forest Service found him, its rangers felt like the crew of the ship which rescued Robinson Crusoe. The area is so wild that the government had decided to designate it as a Primitive Area, preserving its primeval essence as an exhibit for generations to come. Sylvan Hart, of course, would have to go. When an area is designated as a Primitive Area, habitation is forbidden. How could a primeval forest have a man living in it? But Sylvan Hart refused to budge, and the Forest Service eventually agreed to leave him there as a sort of authentic exhibit, like a live cave-man display in the Museum of Natural History. Now Sylvan Hart is available as a tutor for anyone who wants to learn how to find his own place in nature, how to live off the land while being a part of it, how to withdraw from society and still stay alive. "I wouldn't want to waste any time in complaining about what passes for civilization," he says. "That's too negative. You should be able to see what's wrong about it with just a side-glance, that's all. The good things a person needs—stubbornness, thinking for himself—don't make him a useful member of society. What makes him useful is to be half-dead. On weekends they open all the cemeteries and all those dead people march out. All the same sickly shade of hide, all sunken-eyed, not really seeing anything, just walking about because it's the weekend. Like I say, dead people. Then Monday we—they don't all go back to the cemetery where they belong. They ought to be honor-bound to go back where they'd be happier, the poor human specters lead such pitiful circumscribed lives." But if you want to take lessons in survival from Sylvan Hart, he won't give them to you in your living room. You'll have to somehow find McCall, Idaho, population 1440, drive two-and-a-half hours to the nearly deserted gold-mining town of Warren and then hike 20 miles over rugged trail. Then, here's a boat ride over the Salmon River rapids until around the last bend in the river chasm you can see Sylvan Hart's homespun estate, a compound of buildings that glisten pastel red, the result of all the iron ore in Sylvan Hart's own recipe for cement.

Sylvan Hart doesn't pass judgment on civilization out of any second-hand knowledge of it. To get away from society, you must once have been a part of it, and Sylvan Hart holds a degree from the University of Oklahoma. One-sixteenth Apache, he was born in Oklahoma 62 years ago, while it was still Indian Territory, although his birthplace, a town called Stone, has long since vanished without a trace. "It is a custom of my family," he explains, "going back about 300 years, for the young men to stay in the woods for a year." The tradition was handed down to Sylvan along with his first name, which is derived from a Latin word pertaining to the forest. The first Hart on record to partake of the custom was Edward Hart, father of the John Hart who signed the Declaration of Independence. Of course, it was easier for Edward, who lived in Connecticut at the time and was still able to find a forest in Mercer County, New Jersey. "The next John Hart," says Sylvan, "was one of the first Kansans, and my father went to the Creek country of Oklahoma. I just liked

it so well I never came out." Hart started out near Five Mile Bar sleeping under a tree and doing his baking in a stone oven. Settling on a placer mining claim, he bought 50 acres for one dollar. At two cents an acre, he could have bought the whole Salmon River for $10,000. For a while he prospected for gold dust, but part of Sylvan Hart's secret of survival is: Never take more than you need. Even with one of his homemade flintlocks, he shoots only one bear every other year. In alternate years, he shoots an elk. His flintlocks are so precision-crafted that a Los Angeles businessman once offered him a blank check for one. The man flew into a rage when his check was turned down. "Dammit, you need the money," he yelled. "You *do* use money, don't you?"

"No," answered Hart. "Not where I live."

Hart hasn't been bothered by any hippie neighbors yet. The Forest Service would take care of evicting them, anyway. But he is aware of Allen Ginsberg, President Johnson, Mao Tse-tung, and even Frantz Fanon, that prophet of the *plastique*. "I'm a pretty fierce man for culture," he says. "When I go to someplace outside, like a roadside restaurant, I'm likely to ask the waitress, 'Is there any culture in these here parts?' 'Culture?' Why no, I guess there isn't any."

Hart's trips to the outside are infrequent, to say the least. Once, he went back to civilization to volunteer for World War II. When he showed up at the recruiting station, he was wearing a coat with skunk for one sleeve, bear for another, calfskin over the shoulders to turn water in rainy weather, and a front and back of bear, beaver, wolf, and badger. Another time he went to town to surrender as an Idaho state income-tax evader. The officials took one look at his coonskin cap and sent him home. But usually Hart goes into the town of Burgdorf once or twice a year for tea, books, and gunpowder.

"When it's 40 miles to town on ropes and snowshoes," he explains, "that's about all you can carry." He also buys one or two salt cod a year for iodine. "The trouble with this water is, it's too clean," he says. "No minerals. All the old mountaineers had goiters. That's beards concealed that. Same way in Switzerland. One group of Swiss live so far up in the mountains, they still speak Latin. There if you don't speak Latin or have a goiter, you're a barbarian." Most of Hart's imported supplies come in on a neighbor's pack string in the autumn. They include flour, sugar, coffee, oatmeal, rice, and raisins. Hart never needs more than $50 worth of goods at one time, and much of it is tea, ranging in variety from a type that the Indians once picked, to "Boston Harbour Tea" sold by the London firm that owned the cargo dumped into Boston Harbor. "I've got six months, from November on, when this place is just like it's always been," Hart says. "Nobody visits, and I fetch mail twice a month. If I want to go anywhere, I put a pack on my back, get my gun, take off, and stay as little or as long as I like. What more could you want?"

When he first reached the Five Mile Bar, Hart hadn't quite become settled in his habits. He would often go off in search of company, visiting neighbors such as Pres Wilson, whose ancestors were intimates of Andrew Jackson. John Moore, who made liquor out of apples. Polly Bemis, who was brought into a nearby mining town as a Chinese slave girl, and Henry Smith, who used to deliver the mail on snowshoes and who bequeathed his rifle to Hart. But even the nearest neighbor was a 10-mile walk away and, as Hart explains it, "even if someone didn't like you very well, he was still kind of glad to see you."

Of course, Hart soon discovered that survival was more important than his social life. Besides his college degree, Hart had arrived in the wilderness armed only with a rifle, an ax, and a few basic necessities. Before long, he had learned how to mine copper, smelt it, refine it, and fashion his own cooking utensils—complete with ornamental sculpture. Using materials culled from abandoned moonshine stills and machinery taken from deserted gold mines, sometimes with gold amalgam still sticking to it, he fashioned his own machine shop, turning out copperworking, silverworking, woodwork[illegible] and blacksmithing tools, and an assortment of hundreds of scrapers, gouges, skewed chisels, taps, dies, punches, awls, adzes, and "a rotating hexix driven by fingers on a headblock nailed to a tabletop," which is the way Hart describes the instrument he uses to bore his homemade rifles. "I just make one as I need it," Hart says, "but I never spend less than a year making a rifle."

Endowed with a beard that is red at the sides, white at the chin, and straw-colored at the tip, the bespectacled Hart sometimes has both the look and the sound of an American Maharishi, frontier style, but then the Maharishi, only spent 15 years in his cave. Although he has his own brand of homilies and wisdom, Hart and the Maharishi even share the same habit of giggling with delight at their own cleverness. When Harold Peterson, a writer for *Sports Illustrated*, journeyed up the Salmon River to interview Hart in 1965, the greeting Hart gave him was

[illegible] sounded rusty, as if from disuse. Peterson later wrote. Then Hart, who was wearing a horned copper helmet, which was only one of a variety of headgear enlisted on modeling what he called his football uniform—bearskin shorts, bearskin jerkin, brass boar medallion on shiny brass chain, and a brass-handled sword brandished in his hand. "I'll be captain," Hart told Peterson. "We'll beat the varsity."

The art of survival is not without its own culture in the years of his hermitage, Hart has taught himself not only the crafts of absolute necessity but also the crafts of leisure. "I work three, four hours before it gets hot, then *maybe* two more after the sun goes down," he says. "Or I might just stop and watch an otter play. If you lived in a place like this and had to work hard eight hours a day, you'd be a pitiful incompetent." In addition to his copperwork on his samovar, Hart has filled his lodging with a lifetime's treasure of handcrafted objects. "My idea of art is to make sure you have good utensils [illegible], 'things you use every day before you go fooling with pictures.' But images of Hart's surroundings, his sculptures [illegible] reliefs, and hand carvings, adorn almost everything he has made, including the stocks of his flintlock rifles. After he has hand-[illegible] to [illegible] the barrel, machined the double-cock mechanism, precisioned the flint-tipped hammer that must strike the frizzen to drop a spark into the correctly sloped firing pan, Hart blackens the mahogany stock with sulfuric acid, rubs it smooth with the palm of his hand, and then [illegible] sheep in high relief. He similarly decorates his bowls, ladles, kettles, lanterns, candleholders, coffeepots, [illegible] bowls, [illegible] frames, wicker fishing creels, fly rods, snowshoes, canoe, and rowboat named Charon, after the boatman who ferried the dead across the River Styx.

Hart of course, also makes his own clothing. "Textiles are no good," he says. "A woman could spin and knit a day without keeping her family in socks. But buckskin clothing wouldn't be wearing out most every little while." According to Hart, it takes a couple of weeks to cut and sew a suit of buckskin, but he's still wearing the first one he made 30 years ago, and he insists it's still as good as new. The secret, he says, is to shoot the buck out of season. "An illegal skin is homogeneous and thick all over," he explains. "One killed during the hunting season has prominent veins necessary to support a coat that hair and veins are the first place the leather will crack." Similarly, when making buckskin pants, Hart cautions against putting the seam on the inside of the leg. "If it gets wet when you have to walk somewhere," he says, "you can't take the skin right off." A cold wind is what kills you in the mountains, but it can't cut through a big stag hide. And buckskin protects you from the thorns." As for the fringes on his buckskin jacket, Hart points out that they are not for decoration, but to let the rainwater run off faster and to make you a poorer target by breaking up your outline. Hart treats his hides as if they were an extension of his own skin. Just as he taught himself the trade of metalworking, he taught himself the craft of tanning leather. After marinating the hides in his own mixture of salt and sulfuric acid, Hart colors them with sumac for red, alder bark for black, mahogany for brown, coffee grounds for tan, and ashes for white. When he needs bedding, he uses elk hides for the softness of their hollow hair and their resistance to moisture. Nothing goes to waste in Hart's scheme for survival. For moccasins, he cuts off the heel of an elk or a moose and simply ties the toe.

The need to be a poorer target in Hart's wilderness is not an idle caution. The River of No Return didn't get its name for nothing, and Hart often wakes up to find cougar tracks outside his garden gate. Once, a cougar killed a doe and buried it there. "There we were, the two of us," Hart says. "I was out there to guard my garden, the cougar was lying just outside to guard his kill." When Hart shoots a mountain lion, even that animal goes into his larder. "The meat tastes like turkey," says Hart, "and of course it's light. Animals that eat other animals always have light meat. Animals that eat grass have dark meat. By that token Hart is raising banties in his chicken coop that may turn out to be zoological freaks. When lynxes and wildcats, sometimes as big as deer, try to raid the coop to eat the banties, it's the intruders that get eaten instead. Hart shoots them, grinds them up, and feeds them to the banties. Otherwise, Hart's staples, in addition to the beef he sometimes imports, are elk and bear. Naturally, he doesn't have to go far to find them. Along with deer and bighorn sheep, they are regular visitors to his settlement, and he has had to put up a picket fence of tall poles around his 200 x 100-foot plot to keep them out. Even his gates, which swing on marble ball bearings, are equipped with bells to warn him when bears are raiding the garden. "One time a bear knocked down a gate came in, packed out a sheep [illegible] I was picking, and ate it," says Hart, giggling like the Maharishi. The sheep footage, he explains, was being pickled in sulfuric acid. When Hart shoots a bear, he lays aside the hide for tanning, cuts off the fat, and renders it in a large Dutch oven he has constructed. Then he rubs the meat with some 200 pounds of smoke salt, lets it marinate, and hangs it in the smoke hole behind his fireplace. "I generally get 25 quarts of grease per bear," he says. "Bear grease doesn't have the objectionable qualities of any other grease." Hart also fishes. With a hand line, salmon flies for bait, and buckets for sinkers, he visits the nearby streams, which abound in their own natural stock of whitefish, steelheads, bull trout, cutthroats, and rainbows. But Hart's supply of food is too plentiful for him to have the patience of an angler. If he doesn't catch something immediately, he quits. If he does catch something, he either eats it fresh or smokes it. Baked fish with goat cheese and tea is one of Hart's favorite combinations. He also bakes mince pies loaded with whiskey, plum preserves, raisins, dried apples, treacle, and game meat. Another Hart specialty is apple butter, and if he had a television set, he'd watch it while munching bear cracklings instead of potato chips. But Hart knows that there are lean seasons as well as plenty. For emergencies, he keeps what he calls "a putty of beef tallow" in a cheesecloth bag. "Put it into hot water and it's ready to eat," he says. Practically the only things that Hart shoots and then discards are rattlesnakes.

There are plenty of rattlesnakes where Hart lives. They thrive on the warm air seeping up through fissures from deep in the canyon, but Hart stays healthy by watching where he walks and gargling daily with 151-proof Hudson's Bay Company rum. Rum and perpetual onion are the Hudson's Bay Company's legacy to the area. "The company used to give, among other things, seed eight pounds of flour and five of salt, as board and as traders had to grow or shoot the rest," Hart says. Out of nature's garden in addition to the perpetual onion, Hart harvests Oregon grapes, squaw cabbage, dandelion, shadbush berries, currants, rose hips, gooseberries, brodiaea roots, and oyster-plant roots. From his own garden he has his choice of asparagus, parsnips, carrots, beets, cabbage, corn, squash, cucumbers, cantaloupes, peppers, garlic, strawberries, horseradish, rhubarb, rutabaga, kohlrabi, kidney beans, purple beans, white potatoes, and purple potatoes, a one-time specialty of the Incas. Hart is an expert on Indian lore surrounded, as he is, by Indian artifacts. Not too far away, near South Fork, rows of pottery still stand where the Indians left them. Once, caught in a rainstorm, Hart found an old Indian sign that signified shelter, and in the face of a sheer cliff he found a spot where he could spread his bedroll and stay dry. On his own property is a cave with an Indian fire hole filled with two feet of kitchen midden. When Hart sent samples to be carbon-dated, the results showed that inhabitants had lived in the cave as long ago as 1706 B.C.

Hart, of course, is fully aware that he's living in the 20th Century. By now his estate includes a kitchen house, a blacksmith shop, a two-storied, balconied living quarters, and an open South Seas roof house. Hart built everything himself although he had to import the B-18 Plexiglas cockpit canopy that he uses as a bay window on his upper floor. He packed it in on his back. He also packed in a rocking chair that came around Cape Horn during the gold rush, and a table which he fashioned from the flooring of a building in a nearby ghost town. Above all this frayed and faded waves a 48-star American flag. The prophet of survival, has everything covered, but if nothing else works, he has also blasted out a bomb shelter in the solid rock beneath his house. Sylvan Hart will live up to his name. If worst comes to worst, he promises to share his bomb shelter with his neighbors.

My
[illegible]
and [illegible]

[illegible] by your [illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible]
your [illegible] body [illegible]
proud of the child [illegible]

I [illegible]
with a new [illegible]
I want to be next to [illegible]
your life [illegible]

I [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible]
of our embrace I [illegible]
you [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Hello! The [illegible]
pure from a touch [illegible]
about [illegible] [illegible]
—such contact [illegible]

No that's not it. Empty and [illegible]
placidly, like intertwining [illegible]
We are the center of [illegible]
the infant's [illegible]

[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWAYNE DALRYMPLE

THE LAST ACT

BY ROALD DAHL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY [illegible] DELESSERT

Anna was in the kitchen washing a head of Boston lettuce for the family supper when the doorbell rang. The bell itself was on the wall directly above the sink, and it never failed to make her jump if it rang when she happened to be near. For this reason, neither her husband nor any of the children ever used it. It seemed to ring extra loud this time, and Anna jumped extra high.

When she opened the door, two policemen were standing outside. They looked at her out of pale waxen faces

[illegible] and there was a [illegible] them waiting [illegible] something.

[illegible] kept looking [illegible] and [illegible] speak of them. They [illegible] and [illegible] that they were [illegible] wait [illegible] somebody had [illegible] [illegible] standing [illegible] [illegible] this was [illegible] hand.

[illegible] Anna said.

There were [illegible] and they were wearing [illegible] her front [illegible] be [illegible] [illegible] see their [illegible] [illegible]

motorcycles propped up along the edge of the sidewalk behind them and dead leaves were swirling around the motorcycles and blowing along the sidewalk, and the whole of the street was brilliant in the yellow light of a clear gusty September evening. The driver of the two policemen shifted uneasily on his feet. Then he said quietly, "Are you Mrs. Cooper, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am."

The other said, "Mrs. Edmund J[illegible]"

"Yes." And then slowly it began to dawn upon her that these men, neither of whom seemed anxious to explain his presence, would not be behaving as they were unless they had some disagreeable duty to perform.

Mrs. Cooper [illegible] she heard one of them saying, and [illegible] he was. He said it as gently and softly as if he were comforting a sick child. She knew at once that he was going to give her something terrible. A great wave of panic came over her, and she said, "What's happened?"

"We have to inform you, Mrs. Cooper—"

The policeman paused, and I [illegible] ard. Watching him, I felt as though her whole body were shrinking and shriveling, and shrinking, inside its skin.

"—that your husband was involved in an accident on the Hudson River Parkway at approximately five forty-five this evening, and died in the ambulance."

The policeman who was speaking produced the crocodile watch she had given Ed on their twentieth wedding anniversary two years back, and as she reached out to take it she found herself wondering whether it might not still be warm from having been close to her husband's chest only a short while ago.

"If there's anything we can do—" the policeman was saying. "—like calling up somebody to come over—some friend or relative, maybe."

Anna heard his voice drifting away—then fading out altogether—and it must have been about then that she began to scream. Soon she became hysterical, and the two policemen had their hands full trying to control her until the doctor arrived some forty minutes later and injected something into her arm.

She was no better, though. When she woke up the following morning, neither her doctor nor her children were able to reason with her in any way at all, and had she not been kept under almost constant sedation for the next few days, she would undoubtedly have taken her own life. In the brief lucid periods between drug takings she acted as though she were demented, calling out her husband's name and telling him that she was coming to join him as soon as she possibly could. It was terrible to listen to her. But in defense of her behavior, it should be said at once that this was no ordinary husband she had lost.

Anna Greenwood had married Ed Cooper when they were both eighteen, and over the time they were together they grew to be closer and more dependent upon one another than it is possible to describe in words. Every year that went by their love became more intense and overwhelming, and toward the end, it had reached such a ridiculous peak that it was a most impossible for them to endure the daily separation caused by Ed's departure for the office in the morning. When he returned at night he would rush through the house to seek her out, and she, who had heard the noise of the front door slamming, would drop everything and rush simultaneously in his direction, meeting him head on (resistively, perhaps, but always) up the [illegible] on the landing or between the kitchen and the hall, and as they came together he would take her in his arms and hug her and kiss her for minutes on end as though she were yesterday's bride. It was wonderful. It was so utterly unbelievably wonderful, that one is very nearly able to understand why she should have had no desire and no heart to continue living in a world where her husband did not exist anymore.

Her three children, Angela (20), Mary (19), and Billy (17½), stayed around her constantly right from the start of the catastrophe. They adored their mother, and they certainly had no intention of letting her commit suicide if they could help it. They worked hard and with loving desperation to convince her that life could still be worth living, and it was due entirely to them that she managed in the end to come out of the nightmare and climb back slowly into the ordinary world.

Four months after the disaster she was pronounced "moderately safe" by the doctors and she was able to resume, albeit rather listlessly, to the old routine

running the house and doing the shopping and cooking the meals for her grown-up children.

But then what happened?

Before the snows of that winter had melted away, Angela married a young man from Rhode Island and went off to live in the suburbs of Providence.

A few months later, Mary married a red-haired giant from a town called Slayton in Minnesota and away she flew for ever and ever and ever. And although Anna's heart was now beginning to break all over again into tiny pieces, she was proud to think that neither of the two girls had the slightest inkling of what was happening to her. ("Oh, Mummy isn't it wonderful." "Yes, my darling, I think it's the most beautiful wedding there's ever been! I'm even more excited than you are!" etc. etc.)

And then, to put the lid on everything, her beloved Billy, who had just turned eighteen, went off to begin his first year at Yale.

So all at once Anna found herself living in a completely empty house.

It is an awful feeling, after twenty-three years of boisterous, busy, magical family life, to come down one day to breakfast in the morning, to sit there in silence with a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, and to wonder what you are going to do with the day that lies ahead. The room you are sitting in, which has heard so much laughter and seen so many birthdays, so many Christmas trees, so many presents being opened, is quiet now and feels enormously cold. The air is heated and the temperature itself is normal but the place still makes you shiver. The clock has stopped because you were never the one who wound it in the first place. A chair stands crooked on its legs and you sit staring at it, wondering why you hadn't noticed it before. And when you glance up again, you have a sudden panicky feeling that all the four walls of the room have begun creeping in upon you very, very slowly when you weren't looking.

In the beginning, she would carry her coffee cup over to the telephone and start calling up friends. But all her friends had husbands and children, and although they were always as nice and warm and cheerful as they could possibly be, they simply could not spare the time to sit and chat with a desolate lady from across the way first thing in the morning. So then she started calling up her married daughters instead.

They, also, were sweet and kind to her at all times, but Anna detected very soon, a subtle change in their attitudes toward her. She was no longer number one in their lives. They had husbands now and were concentrating everything upon them. Gently but firmly, they were moving their mother into the background. It was quite a shock. But she knew they were right. They were absolutely right. She was no longer entitled to impinge upon their lives or to make them feel guilty for neglecting her.

She saw Dr. Jacobs regularly, but he wasn't really any help. He tried to get her to talk and she did her best, and sometimes he made little speeches to her full of oblique remarks about sex and sublimation. Anna never properly understood what he was driving at, but the burden of his song appeared to be that she should get herself another man.

She took to wandering around the house and fingering things that used to belong to Ed. She would pick up one of his shoes and put her hand into it and feel the little dents that the ball of his foot and his toes had made upon the sole. She found a sock with a hole in it and the pleasure it gave her to darn that sock was indescribable. Occasionally she took out a shirt or a tie and a suit and laid them on the bed in ready for him to wear and once, one rainy Sunday morning, she made an Irish stew.

It was hopeless to go on.

So how many pills would she need to make absolutely sure of it this time? She went upstairs to her secret store and counted them. There were only nine. Was that enough? She doubted that it was. Oh hell. The one thing she was not prepared to face all over again was failure—the rush to the hospital, the stomach pump, the seventh floor of the Payne Whitney Pavilion, the psychiatrists, the humiliation, the misery of it all.

In that case, I would have to be the razor blade. But the trouble with the razor blade was that it had to be done properly. Many people failed miserably when they tried to use the razor blade on the wrist. In fact nearly all of them failed. They didn't cut deep enough. There was a big artery down there somewhere that simply had to be reached. Veins were no good. Veins made plenty of mess, but they never quite managed to do the trick. Then again, the razor blade was not an easy thing to hold not if one had to make a firm incision, pressing it right home all the way, deep deep down. But she would fail. The ones that failed were the ones that actually *wanted* to fail. She wanted to succeed.

She went to the cupboard in the bathroom searching for blades. There weren't any. Ed's razor was still there, and so was hers. But there was no blade in either of them and no little packet lying alongside. That was understandable. Such things has been removed from the house on an earlier occasion. But there was no problem. Anyone could buy a packet of razor blades.

She returned to the kitchen and took the calendar down from the wall. She chose September 23rd, which was Ed's birthday, and wrote RB (for razor blades) against the date. She did this on September 9th, which gave her exactly two weeks' grace to put her affairs in order. There was much to be done: old bills to be paid, a new will to be written, the house to be tidied up, Billy's college fees to be taken care of for the next four years, letters to the children to her own parents, to Ed's mother, and so on and so forth.

Yet busy as she was, she found that those two weeks, those fourteen long days, were going far too slowly for her liking. She wanted to use the blade and eagerly every morning, she counted the days that were left. She was like a child counting the days before Christmas. For wherever it was that Ed Cooper had gone when he died, even if it were only to the grave, she was impatient to join him.

It was in the middle of this two-week period that her friend Elizabeth Paoletti came calling on her at eight-thirty one morning. Anna was making coffee in the kitchen at the time, and she jumped when the bell rang and jumped again when it gave a second long blast.

Liz came sweeping in through the front door, talking nonstop as usual. "Anna, my darling woman, I need your help! Everyone's down with flu at the office. You've *got* to come. Don't argue with me! I know you can type and I know you haven't got a damn thing in the world to do all day except mope. Just grab your hat and purse and let's get going. Hurry up, girl, hurry up! Time ate as it is!"

Anna said, "Go away, Liz. Leave me alone."

"The cab is waiting," Liz said.

"Please," Anna said, "don't try to bully me now. I'm not coming."

"You are coming," Liz said. "Pull yourself together. Your days of glorious martyrdom are over."

Anna continued to resist, but Liz wore her down, and in the end she agreed to go along just for a few hours.

Elizabeth Paoletti was in charge of an adoption society, one of the best in the city. Nine of the staff were down with flu. Only two were left, excluding herself. "You don't know a thing about the work," she said in the cab, "but you're just going to have to help us as you can."

The office was bedlam. The telephones alone nearly drove Anna mad. She kept running from one cubicle to the next, taking messages that she did not understand. And there were girls in the waiting room, young girls with ashen stony faces, and I became part of her duty to type their answers on an official form.

"The father's name?"

"Don't know."

"You've no idea?"

"What is the father's name got to do with it?"

"My dear, if the father is known then his consent has to be obtained as well as yours before the child can be offered for adoption."

"The father is unknown, don't worry."

"You're quite sure about that?"

"Jesus, I told you didn't I?"

At lunchtime, somebody brought her a sandwich but there was not time to eat it. At nine o'clock that night, exhausted and famished and considerably shaken by some of the knowledge she had acquired, Anna staggered home, took a stiff drink, fried up some eggs and bacon, and went to bed.

"I'll call for you at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," Liz had said. "And for God's sake be ready." Anna was ready. And from then on she was hooked.

It was as simple as that.

All she needed right from the beginning was a good hard job of work to do and plenty of problems to solve—other people's problems instead of her own.

The work was arduous and often quite shattering emotionally, but Anna

was absorbed by every moment of t and within about we are sk pp ng right forward now with n about a year and a ha f she began o feel moderately happy once again. She was finding it more and more difficult to picture her husband vividly, to see him precise y as he was when he ran up the stairs to meet her, or when he sat across from her a supper in the even ngs. The exact sound of his voice was becoming less easy to recal and even the face itself unless she g anced at a photograph was no onger sharply etched in the memory. She st thought about h m constantly but she discovered that she could do so now without bursting into tears and when she looked back upon the way in which she had behaved a while ago she felt slight y embarrassed. She started taking a mild interest in he clo hes and in her hair she returned to using lipst ck and to shaving the hair from her legs. She enjoyed her food and when people smiled at her she smiled righ back at them and meant In other words, she was back in he sw m once again. She was pleased to be alive.

I was at his point tha Anna had o go down to Dallas on office business.

Liz s office d d not norma ly operate beyond state lines, bu in this instance, a couple who had adopted a baby through the agency had subsequently moved away from New York and gone to live in Texas. Now five months after he move the wife had written to say tha she no longer wanted to keep the child. Her husband, she announced had died of a heart at tack soon after they d arrived in Texas. She herself had remarried almost at once and her new husband "found t impossible to ad ust to an adopted baby."

Now this was a serious situation and qu e apart from the we fare of the child itself there were a l manner of lega ob igations involved.

Anna flew down to Dallas in a plane tha eft New York very early and she arrived before breakfast. After check ng in at her hotel she spent he next eight hours w th the persons concerned in the affair, and by the me she had done all that could be done that day it was around four-thirty in the afternoon and she was u terly exhausted. She took a cab back to he hotel, and went up o her room. She called Liz on the phone to report he situation, then she undressed and soaked herself for a ong time in a warm bath. Afterwards she wrapped up in a towel and lay on the bed smoking a c garet e.

Her efforts on beha f of the child so far come to noth ng. There had been

nna has visited Texas many t mes be ore in her fe bu ust now she had never gone there alone. Her visits had always been with Ed keeping him com pany on business trips and during those trips, he and she had often spoken about the Texans in general and about how d fficu t it was to ke them. One could ignore their coarseness and their vu gar y. It wasn t that. But there was, it seemed a quality of ruthlessness st l surviving among these people something quite brutal harsh inexo able tha it was impossible to forg ve. They had no bowels of compassion no pity no tenderness. he only so-called virtue they possessed and this they paraded isten arlessly and endlessly to strangers was a k nd of pro fessiona benevolence. It was plastered all over them. The r voices, their smiles, were rich and syrupy w th it. But it left Anna cold. It eft her quite, qu te c old inside.

Why do they love act ng so tough?" she used o ask.

Because they re ch aren 't Ed would answer. "They re dangerous ch dren who go about try ng o imitate their grand athers. The r grandfathers *were* pioneers. These people aren t."

It seemed that they ved these present-day Texans by a sort of egot stic wil push and be pushed. Everybody was pushing. Everybody was being pushed. And it was a very fine for a stranger in their midst to step as de and announce amply "I w l *not* push and I w l *not* be pushed." That was impossible. It was especially impossible in Dallas. Of all he cities in he state Dal as was the one tha had always disturbed Anna the most. t was such a god ess city she though such a rapacious, gripped iron, godless city. It was a place that had run amuck with its money, and no amount of gloss and phony cul ure and syrupy ta k could hide the fact t at the great golden fruit was rotten ins de.

Anna lay on the bed w th her bath towel around her. She was alone in Da las by t me. There was no Ed with her now o envelope her n his inc ned b e strength and love, and perhaps it was because y his that she began fal of a sudden to fee sl gh y uneasy. She st a second cig aret e and wa ted for the uneas ness to pass. It d d n't pass, i got worse. A hard ti e knot of fear was gathering ise t in he top of her stomach, and there t stayed growing bigger every minu e. I was an unpleasant feeling. She k nd of one n ght experience if one were a one in the

house at n ght and heard or thought one heard a foo step in the next room.

In his place there were a m lion f otsteps and she could hear them all.

She got o the bed and went over to he w ndow still wrapped in her towel. Her room was on the twenty-second floor, and the window was open. The great city lay pale and m sty-ye ow in the evening sunsh ne. The s reet below was so d w haut n b es. The s dewalk was filled with people. Everybody was hurrying home from work, push ng and being pushed. She fe t the need of a friend. She wan ed very badly to have someone to ta k to at this momen. She would have iked a house, o go o, a house w h a family a w fe and husband and children and rooms f ll of toys, and hu husband and wife would fling their arms around her at the fron door and cry ou

Anna! How marve ous to see you! How long can you s ay? A week a month, a year?"

All of a sudden as so often happens n situations ke this her memory went c ick and she said aloud, "Conrad Kreuger! Good heavens above! *He* lives in Da as at least, he used to."

She hadn t seen Conrad since they were classmates n high sch ol in New York. They were both about seventeen hen and Conrad had been her beau, her ove her every hing. For over a year they had gone around toge her and each of them had sworn eternal oya ty to the other, with marriage n the near future. Then sudden y Ed Cooper had flashed into her fe, and that of course had been the end of the romance w th Conrad. But Conrad d d not seem to have aken he break too bad y. It certain y could n t have *shattered* h m because not more than a mon h or two later he had started going strong with another girl in the class.

Now what was *her* name?

A big handsome bosomy gir she was with flam ng red ha r and a peculiar name a very old-fashioned name. What was it? Arabe la? No, not Arabe la. Ara-some thing though. Aramin y? Yes! Aramin y was! And what is more, wi hin a year or so Conrad Kreuger had married Ara minty and had carried her back with him to Dal as, the p ace of his birth.

Anna went over to the bedside table and picked up the te ephone directory. *Kreuger Conrad P M D.*

That was Conrad a t ght. He was always said he was going to be a doc r. The book gave an off ce number and a res dence number.

Should she phone him?"

Why not?"

She glanced at her wa ch. I was five twenty. She fi ted the receiver and gave he number of h s office.

"Doctor Kreuger s surgery," a gru voice answered.

He lo," Anna sa d, "Is Doc or Kreuger here?"

"The doctor is busy righ now. May I ask who s ca ing?"

Wi l you please tell him that Anna Greenwood telephoned h m.

Who?"

Anna Greenwood.

"Yes, Miss Greenwood. Do you wish for an appo ntment?"

"No, thank you."

"Is there someth ng I can do for you?"

Anna gave he name of her hotel and asked her to pass it on t. Dr. Kreuger d be very g ad to," the secretary said. "Goodbye, M ss Greenwood."

Goodbye," Anna said. She wondered whether Dr. Conrad P. Kreuger would remember her name after a these years. She believed he would. She ay back again on the bed and began tr ng to recal what Conrad h mself used to look like. Extraordinarily handsome, tha he was. Ta l, lean, big-shou dered, with a most pure-black hair, and a marvelous face, a strong carved face ike one of those Greek heroes, Perseus or Ulysses. Above all, though, he had been a very gentle boy, a serious, decent, quiet, gentle boy. He had never kissed her much, on y when he said goodbye at the end of the evenings. And he'd never gone in for necking as all the others had. When he took her home from the movies on Saturday nights, he used to park his old Buick outs de her house and sit there in the car beside her, just talk ng and talking about the future, his future and hers, and how he was going to go back to Dallas to become a famous surgeon. His refusa to indu ge in necking and all the nonsense that went with i had impressed her no end. He respected me, she used to say. He loves me. And she was probably right. In any event he had been a nice man, a nice good man. And had it not been for the fact that Ed Cooper was a supernice, supergood man she was sure she would have married Conrad Kreuger.

The e ephone rang. Anna fied the receiver. "Yes," she said. "He o?"

Anna Greenwood?"

Conrad Kreuger.

My dear Anna! Wha a fantastic sur prise. Good gracious me. A er all these years."

It s a long me isn t it?"

It s a b t e me. Your voice sounds just like same."

So does yours.

What brings you o our fair c ty? Are you staying long?"

No, I have to go back tom rrow. I hope you d on't mind my ca ling you."

Hell, no. Anna. I m de ighted. Are you a right?"

Yes, I'm fine. I m fine now. I had a bad ime of it for a bit after Ed d ed."

What?"

He was killed in an au omobile two and a half years ago."

"Oh gee, Anna, I *am* sorry. How terrible. I d don t know wha to say."

"Don t say anything."

You re O.K. now?"

I m fine. Working ike a slave."

That's the g rl."

How s how s Arami ty?"

Oh she re."

Any [illegible]"

[illegible] ."

I have three, two girls and a boy."

Well, well, what d you know. Now listen, Anna."

I m listening."

Why don t I run over to he ho e and buy you a drink? I d ke to do tha I'll bet you haven't changed one iota."

I look old, Conrad."

"You re ly ng."

"I fee o d, too."

"You want a good doctor?"

"Yes, I mean no. Of course I don t don't want any more doctors. A l I need is rest."

Yes?"

This place worries me, Conrad. I guess I need a friend. That s a. I need

ou ve got one. I have ust one more patient to see, and then I m free. I'll meet you down in the bar, be some ime. room. I ve forgotten what it s called a six n abou half an hour. Wi that su

Yes," she said. "Of course. And thank you, Conrad." She rep aced the rece ver, then go up from the bed and began o dress.

She felt m dly flustered. Not since Ed s death had she been ou and had a drink alone with a man. Doctor Jacobs would be p eased, when she told him about it on her return. He wouldn t congratulate her manly, bu he would cer ainly be p eased. He d say, I was a step in the right direc ion a beginning. She s I went to him regular y, and now that she had gotten so much better his oblique references had become far less oblique, and he more than once told her that her depressions and sui dal tendencies would never complete y disappear until she had ac ually and physically "replaced" Ed w th another man.

But it is impossible to rep ace a per son one has loved to d straction," Anna had said to h m the last time he brought up the subject. "Heavens above, doctor, when Mrs. Crummin Brown s parrakeet died last month her *parrakeet*, mind you, not her husband, she was so shook up about it she swore she d never have another b d again."

Mrs. Conner," Dr. Jacobs had sai "one doesn t normally have sexua nter course w th a parrakeet."

We l, no."

Tha s why I doesn t have to be re placed. But when a husband dies, and the surviving wife is still an active and u healthy woman, she will invariably get a replacement within three years if she possibly can. And vice versa."

Sex. It was about the only thing tha sort of doctor ever thought about. He had sex on he brain.

By the time Anna had dressed and taken the e evator downstairs, it was ten m nutes after six. The moment she wa ked into the bar a man stood up from one of the tables. It was Conrad. He must have been watching the door. He came across the floor to meet her. He was smi ng nervously. Anna was smiling, too. One always does.

Well, well," he said. "Well, well," and she, expecting he usua peck on the cheek, inc ined her face upward toward his own, still smiling. But she had forgotten how formal Conrad was. He simp y took her hand in his and shook it once. This is a surprise," he said. "Come and sit down."

The room was the same as any other hotel drinking room. It was t by dim nights and filled w th many small tables. There was a saucer of peanuts on each table, and there were leather bench seats a round the wa s. The waiters were rigged out n white jackets and maroon pants. Conrad led her to a corner table, and hey sat down facing one another. A waiter was stand ng over them at once.

What will you have?" Conrad asked.

Could I have a mart ni?"

Of course. Vodka?"

No gin, please."

One gin mar ni," he said to the [illegible]. No. Make it two. I've never been much of a dr nker. Anna as you proba bly remember, bu I think this ca is for a celebration."

The waiter went away. Conrad leaned back in his chair and studied her carefully.

You look pre ty good," he said.

You look pretty good yourself, Conrad," she to d him. And so he did. It was astonishing how little he had aged in twenty-five years. He was just as lean and handsome as he d ever been, in fact more so. His black hair was sti black, his eye was clear, and he looked al o ge ther like a man who was no more than thirty years old.

You *are* older than me, aren't you?" he said.

What sort of a question is that?" she said, laughing. "Yes, Conrad, I am exactly one year older than you. I m forty-two."

"I though you were." He was stud ying my her w th the u most care, his eyes traveling all over her face and neck and shoulders. And she felt herself blushing.

"Are you an enormously successful doctor?" she asked. "Are you the best in town?"

He cocked his head over to one side, right over, so that he ear almost touched the op of the shou der. It was a manner ism that Anna had always iked. "Successful?" he said. "Any doctor can be

successful these days in a big city—financially, I mean. But whether or not I am absolutely first-rate at my job is another matter. I only hope and pray that I am."

The drinks arrived and Conrad raised his glass and said, "Welcome to Dallas, Anna. I'm so pleased you called me up. It's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you, too, Conrad," she said, speaking the truth.

He looked at her glass. She had taken a huge first gulp, and the glass was now half empty. "You prefer gin to vodka?" he asked.

"I do," she said, "yes."

"You ought to change over."

"Why?"

"Gin is not good for females."

"It's not?"

"It's very bad for them."

"I'm sure it's just as bad for males," she said.

"Actually, no. It isn't nearly so bad for males as it is for females."

"Why is it bad for females?"

"It just is," he said. "It's the way they're built. What kind of work are you engaged in, Anna? And what brought you all the way down to Dallas? Tell me about you."

"Why is gin bad for females?" she said, smiling at him.

He smiled back at her and shook his head, but he didn't answer.

"Go on," she said.

"No, let's drop it."

"You can't leave me up in the air like this," she said. "It's not fair."

After a pause, he said, "Well, if you really want to know, gin contains a certain amount of the oil that is squeezed out of juniper berries. They use it for flavoring."

"What does it do?"

"Plenty."

"Yes, but what?"

"Horrible things."

"Conrad, don't be shy. I'm a big girl now."

He was still the same old Conrad, she thought, still as diffident, as scrupulous, as shy as ever. For that she liked him. "If this drink is really doing horrible things to me," she said, "then it is unkind of you not to tell me what those things are."

Gently, he pinched the lobe of his left ear with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Then he said, "Well, the truth of the matter is, Anna, oil of juniper has a direct inflammatory effect upon the uterus."

"Now come on!"

"I'm not joking."

"Mother's ruin," Anna said. "It's an old wives' tale."

"I'm afraid not."

"But you're talking about women who are pregnant."

"I'm talking about all women, Anna." He had stopped smiling now, and he was speaking quite seriously. He seemed to be concerned about her welfare.

"What do you specialize in?" she asked him. "What kind of medicine? You haven't told me that."

"Gynecology and obstetrics."

"Ah-ha!"

"Have you been drinking gin for many years?" he asked.

"Oh, about twenty," Anna said.

"Heavily?"

"For heaven's sake, Conrad, stop worrying about my insides. I'd like another martini, please."

"Of course."

He called the waiter and said, "One vodka martini."

"No," Anna said, "gin."

He sighed and shook his head and said, "Nobody listens to her doctor these days."

"You're not my doctor."

"No," he said. "I'm your friend."

"Let's talk about your wife," Anna said. "Is she still as beautiful as ever?"

He waited a few moments, then he said, "Actually, we're divorced."

"Oh, no!"

"Our marriage lasted for the grand total of two years. It was hard work to keep it going even that long."

For some reason, Anna was profoundly shocked. "But she was such a beautiful girl," she said. "What happened?"

"Everything happened, everything you could possibly think of that was bad."

"And the child?"

"She got him. They always do." He sounded very bitter. "She took him back to New York. He comes to see me once a year, in the summer. He's twenty years old now. He's at Princeton."

"Is he a fine boy?"

"He's a wonderful boy," Conrad said. "But I hardly know him. It isn't much fun."

"And you never married again?"

"No, never. But that's enough about me. Let's talk about you."

Slowly, gently, he began to draw her out on the subject of her health and the bad times she had gone through after Ed's death. She found she didn't mind talking to him about it, and she told him more or less the whole story.

"But what makes your doctor think you're not completely cured?" he said. "You don't look very suicidal to me."

"I don't think I am. Except that sometimes, not often, mind you, but just occasionally, when I get depressed, I have the feeling that it wouldn't take such a hell of a big push to send me over the edge."

"In what way?"

"I kind of start edging toward the bathroom cupboard."

"What do you have in the bathroom cupboard?"

"Nothing very much. Just the ordinary equipment a girl has for shaving her legs."

"I see." Conrad studied her face for a few moments, then he said, "Is that how you were feeling just now when you called me?"

"Not quite. But I'd been thinking about Ed, and that's always a bit dangerous."

"I'm glad you called."

"So am I," she said.

Anna was getting to the end of her second martini. Conrad changed the subject and began talking about his practice. She was watching him rather than listening to him. He was so damned handsome it was impossible not to watch him. She put a cigarette between her lips, then offered the pack to Conrad.

"No thanks," he said. "I don't." He picked up a book of matches from the table and gave her a light, then he blew out the match and said, "Are those cigarettes mentholated?"

"Yes, they are."

She took a deep drag, and blew the smoke slowly up into the air. "Now go ahead and tell me that they're going to shrivel up my entire reproductive system," she said.

He laughed and shook his head.

"Then why did you ask?"

"Just curious, that's all."

"You're lying. I can tell it from your face. You were about to give me the figures for the incidence of lung cancer in heavy smokers."

"Lung cancer has nothing to do with menthol, Anna," he said, and he smiled and took a tiny sip of his original martini which he had so far hardly touched. He set the glass back carefully on the table.

"You still haven't told me what work you are doing," he went on, "or why you came to Dallas."

"Tell me about menthol first. If it's even half as bad as the juice of the juniper berry, I think I ought to know about it quick."

He laughed and shook his head.

"Please!"

"No, ma'am."

"Conrad, you simply cannot start things up like this and then drop them. It's the second time in five minutes."

"I don't want to be a medical bore," he said.

"You're not being a bore. These things are fascinating. Come on! Tell! Don't be mean."

It was pleasant to be sitting there feeling moderately high on two big martinis, and making easy talk with this graceful man, this quiet, comfortable, graceful person. He was not being coy. Far from it. He was simply being his normal scrupulous self.

"Is it something shocking?" she asked.

"No. You couldn't call it that."

"Then go ahead."

He picked up the packet of cigarettes still lying in front of her, and studied the label. "The point is this," he said. "If you inhale menthol, you absorb it into the blood stream. And that isn't good, Anna. It does things to you. It has certain very definite effects upon the central nervous system. Doctors still prescribe it occasionally."

"I know that," she said. "Nose drops and inhalations."

"That's one of its minor uses. Do you know the other?"

"You rub it on the chest when you have a cold."

"You can if you like, but it wouldn't help."

"You put it in ointment and it heals cracked lips."

"That's camphor."

"So it is."

He waited for her to have another guess.

"Go ahead and tell me," she said. "It may surprise you a bit."

"I'm ready to be surprised."

"Menthol," Conrad said, "is a well-known antiaphrodisiac."

"A what?"

"It suppresses sexual desire."

"Conrad, you're making these things up."

"I swear to you I'm not."

"Who uses it?"

"Very few people nowadays. It has too strong a flavor. Saltpeter is much better."

"Ah yes. I know about saltpeter."

"What do you know about saltpeter?"

"They give it to prisoners," Anna said. "They sprinkle it on their cornflakes every morning to keep them quiet."

"They also use it in cigarettes," Conrad said.

"You mean prisoners' cigarettes?"

"I mean *all* cigarettes."

"That's nonsense."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is."

"Why do you say that?"

"Nobody would stand for it," she said.

"They stand for cancer."

"That's quite different, Conrad. How do you know they put saltpeter in cigarettes?"

"Have you never wondered," he said, "what makes a cigarette go on burning when you lay it in the ashtray? Tobacco doesn't burn of its own accord. Any pipe smoker will tell you that."

"They use special chemicals," she said.

"Exactly, they use saltpeter."

"Does saltpeter burn?"

"Sure it burns. It used to be one of the prime ingredients of old-fashioned gunpowder. Fuses, too. It makes very good fuses. That cigarette of yours is a first-rate slow-burning fuse, is it not?"

Anna looked at her cigarette. Though she hadn't drawn on it for a couple of minutes, it was still smoldering away and the smoke was curling upward from the tip in a slim blue-gray spiral.

"So this has menthol in it *and* saltpeter?" she said.

"Absolutely."

"And they're *both* antiaphrodisiacs?"

"Yes. You're getting a double dose."

"It's ridiculous, Conrad. It's too little to make any difference."

He smiled but didn't answer this.

"There's not enough there to inhibit a cockroach," she said.

"That's what you think, Anna. How many do you smoke a day?"

"About thirty."

"Well," he said, "I guess it's none of my business." He paused, and then he added, "But you and I would be a lot better off today if it was."

"Was what?"

"My business."

"Conrad, what *do* you mean?"

"I'm simply saying that if you, once upon a time, hadn't suddenly decided to drop me, none of this misery would have happened to either of us. We'd still be happily married to each other."

His face had suddenly taken on a queer sharp look.

"Drop you?"

"It was quite a shock, Anna."

"Oh dear," she said, "but everybody drops everybody else at that age, don't they?"

"I wouldn't know," Conrad said.

"You're not cross with me still, are you, for doing that?"

"Cross!" he said. "Good God, Anna! Cross is what children get when they lose a toy! I lost a wife!"

She stared at him, speechless.

"Tell me," he went on, "didn't you have any idea how I felt at the time?"

"But Conrad, we were so *young*."

"It destroyed me, Anna. It just about destroyed me."

"But how . . ."

"How what?"

"How, if it meant so much, could you turn right around and get engaged to somebody else a few weeks later?"

"Have you never heard of the rebound?" he asked.

She nodded, gazing at him in dismay.

"I was wildly in love with you, Anna."

She didn't answer.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was a silly outburst. Please forgive me."

There was a long silence.

Conrad was leaning back in his chair, studying her from a distance. She took another cigarette from the pack, and lit it. Then she blew out the match and placed it carefully in the ashtray. When she glanced up again, he was still watching her. There was an intent, far look in his eyes, as though he were calculating something.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

He didn't answer.

"Conrad," she said, "do you still hate me for doing what I did?"

"Hate you?"

"Yes, hate me. I have a queer feeling that you do. I'm sure you do, even after all these years."

"Anna," he said.

"Yes, Conrad?"

He hitched his chair closer to the table, and leaned forward. "Did it ever cross your mind . . ."

He stopped.

She waited.

He was looking so intensely earnest all of a sudden that she leaned forward herself.

"Did what cross my mind?" she asked.

"The fact that you and I . . . that both of us . . . have a bit of unfinished business."

She stared at him.

He looked back at her, his eyes bright as two stars. "Don't be shocked," he said, "please."

"Shocked?"

"You look as though I'd just asked you to jump out of the window with me."

The room was full of people now, and it was very noisy. It was like being at a cocktail party. You had to shout to be heard.

Conrad's eyes waited on her, impatient, eager.

"I'd like another martini," she said.

"Must you?"

"Yes," she said, "I must."

In her whole life, she had been made love to by only one man—her husband, Ed.

And it had always been wonderful. Three thousand times?

She thought more. Probably a good deal more. Who counts?

Assuming, though, for the sake of argument, that the exact figure (for there has to be an exact figure) was three thousand, six hundred and eighty . . .

. . . and knowing that every single time it happened it was an act of pure, passionate, authentic lovemaking between the same man and the same woman . . .

. . . then how in heaven's name could an entirely new man, an unloved stranger, hope to come in suddenly on the three thousand, six hundred and eighty-*first* time and be even halfway acceptable?

He'd be a trespasser.

All the memories would come rushing back. She would be lying there suffocated by memories.

She had raised this very point with Dr. Jacobs during one of her sessions a few months back, and old Jacobs had said, "There will be no nonsense about memories, my dear Mrs. Cooper. I wish

you would forget that. Only the present will exist."

"But how do I get there?" she had said. "How can I summon up enough nerve suddenly to go upstairs to a bedroom and take off my clothes in front of a new man, a stranger, in cold blood? . . ."

"Cold blood!" he had cried. "Good God, woman, it'll be boiling hot!" And later he had said, "Do at any rate try to believe me, Mrs. Cooper, when I tell you that any woman who has been deprived of sexual congress after more than twenty years of practice of uncommonly frequent practice in your case, if I understand you correctly—any woman in those circumstances is going to suffer continually from severe psychological disturbances until the routine is re-established. You are feeling a lot better, I know that, but it is my duty to inform you that you are by no means back to normal . . ."

To Conrad, Anna said, "This isn't by any chance a therapeutic suggestion, is it?"

"A *what*?"

"A therapeutic suggestion."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"It sounds exactly like a plot hatched up by my Dr. Jacobs."

"Look," he said, and now he leaned right across the table and touched her left hand with the tip of one finger. "When I knew you before, I was too damn young and nervous to make that sort of proposition, much as I wanted to. I didn't think there was any particular hurry then, anyway. I figured we had a whole lifetime before us. I wasn't to know you were going to drop me."

Her martini arrived. Anna picked it up and began to drink it fast. She knew exactly what it was going to do to her. It was going to make her float. A third martini always did that. Give her a third martini and within seconds her body would become completely weightless and she would go floating around the room like a wisp of hydrogen gas.

She sat there holding the glass with both hands as though it were a sacrament. She took another gulp. There was not much of it left now. Over the rim of her glass she could see Conrad watching her with disapproval as she drank. She smiled at him radiantly.

"You're not against the use of anesthetics when you operate, are you?" she asked.

"Please, Anna, don't talk like that."

"I am beginning to float," she said.

"So I see," he answered. "Why don't you stop there?"

"What did you say?"

"I said, why don't you stop?"

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"No," he said. He made a little forward movement with his hands as though he were going to take her glass away from her, so she quickly put it to her lips and tipped it high, holding it there for a few seconds to allow the last drop to run out.

When she looked at Conrad again, he was placing a ten-dollar bill on the waiter's tray, and the waiter was saying, "Thank *you*, sir. Thank you indeed," and the next thing she knew she was floating out of the room and across the lobby of the hotel with Conrad's hand cupped lightly under one of her elbows, steering her toward the elevators. They floated up to the twenty-second floor, and then along the corridor to the door of her bedroom. She fished the key out of her purse and unlocked the door and floated inside. Conrad followed, closing the door behind him. Then very suddenly, he grabbed hold of her and folded her up in his enormous arms and started kissing her with great gusto.

She let him do it.

He kissed her all over her mouth and cheeks and neck, taking deep breaths in between the kisses. She kept her eyes open, watching him in a queer detached sort of way, and the view she got reminded her vaguely of the blurry closeup view of a dentist's face when he is working on an upper back tooth.

Then all of a sudden, Conrad put his tongue into one of her ears. The effect of this upon her was electric. It was as though a live two-hundred-volt plug had been pushed into an empty socket, and all the lights came on and the bones began to melt and the hot molten sap went running down into her limbs and she exploded into a frenzy. It was the kind of marvelous, wanton, reckless, flaming frenzy that Ed used to provoke in her so very often in the olden days by just a touch of the hand here and there. She flung her arms around Conrad's neck and started kissing him back with far more gusto than he had ever kissed her, and although he looked at first as though he thought she were going to swallow him alive, he soon recovered his balance.

Anna hadn't the faintest idea how long they stood there embracing and kissing with such violence, but it must have been for quite a while. She felt such happiness, such . . . such *confidence* again at last, such sudden overwhelming confidence in herself that she wanted to tear off her clothes and do a wild dance for Conrad in the middle of the room. But she did no such foolish thing. Instead, she simply floated away to the edge of the bed and sat down to catch her breath. Conrad quickly sat down beside her. She leaned her head against his chest and sat there glowing all over while he gently stroked her hair. Then she undid one button of his shirt and slid her hand inside and laid it against his chest. Through the ribs, she could feel the beating of his heart.

"What do I see here?" Conrad said.

"What do you see where, my darling?"

"On your scalp. You want to watch this, Anna."

"You watch it for me, dearest."

"Seriously," he said, "you know what this looks like? It looks like a tiny touch of androgenic alopecia."

"Good."

"No, it is not good. It's actually an inflammation of the hair follicles, and it causes baldness. It's quite common on women in their later years."

"Oh, shut up, Conrad," she said, kissing him on the side of the neck. "I have the most gorgeous hair."

She sat up and pulled off his jacket. Then she undid his tie and threw it across the room.

"There's a little hook on the back of my dress," she said. "Undo it, please."

Conrad unhooked the hook, then unzipped the zipper and helped her to get out of the dress. She had on a rather nice pale-blue slip. Conrad was wearing an ordinary white shirt, as doctors do, but it was now open at the neck, and this suited him. His neck had a little ridge of sinewy muscle running up vertically on either side, and when he turned his head the muscle moved under the skin. It was the most beautiful neck Anna had ever seen.

"Let's do this very very slowly," she said. "Let's drive ourselves crazy with anticipation."

His eyes rested a moment on her face, then traveled away, all the way down the length of her body, and she saw him smile.

"Shall we be very stylish and dissipated, Conrad, and order a bottle of champagne? I can ask room service to bring it up, and you can hide in the bathroom when they come in."

"No," he said. "You've had enough to drink already. Stand up, please."

The tone of his voice caused her to stand up at once.

"Come here," he said.

She went close to him. He was still sitting on the bed, and now, without getting up, he reached forward and began to take off the rest of her clothes. He did this slowly and deliberately. His face had become suddenly rather pale.

"Oh, darling," she said, "how marvelous! You've got that famous thing! A real thick tuft of hair growing out of each of your ears! You know what that means, don't you? It's *the* absolutely positive sign of enormous virility!" She bent down and kissed him on the ear. He went on taking off her clothes—the bra, the shoes, the girdle, the pants, and finally the stockings, all of which he dropped in a heap on the floor. The moment he had peeled off her last stocking and dropped it, he turned away. He turned right away from her as though she didn't exist, and now he began to undress himself.

It was rather odd to be standing so close to him in nothing but her own skin and him not even giving her a second look. But perhaps men did these things. Ed might have been an exception. How could *she* know? Conrad took off his white shirt first, and after folding it very carefully, he stood up and carried it to a chair and laid it on one of the arms. He did the same with his undershirt. Then he sat down again on the edge of the bed and started removing his shoes. Anna remained quite still, watching him. His sudden change of mood, his silence, his curious intensity, were making her a bit afraid. But they were also exciting her. There was a stealth, almost a menace in his movements, as though he were some splendid animal treading softly toward the kill. A leopard.

She became hypnotized watching him. She was watching his fingers, the surgeon's fingers, as they untied and loosened the laces of the left shoe, easing it off the foot, and placing it neatly half under the bed. The right shoe came next. Then the left sock and the right sock, both of them being folded together and laid with the utmost precision across the toes of the shoes. Finally the fingers moved up to the top of the trousers where they undid one button and then began to manipulate the zipper. The trousers, when taken off, were folded along the creases, then carried over to the chair. The underpants followed.

Conrad, now naked, walked slowly back to the edge of the bed, and sat. Then at last, he turned his head and noticed her. She stood waiting . . . and trembling. He looked her slowly up and down. Then abruptly, he shot out a hand and took her by the wrist, and with a sharp pull he had her sprawled across the bed.

The relief was enormous. Anna flung her arms around him and held onto him tightly, oh so tightly, for fear that he might go away. She was in mortal fear that he might go away and not come back. And there they lay, she holding onto him as though he were the only thing left in the world to hold onto, and he, strangely quiet, watchful, intent, slowly disentangling himself and beginning to touch her now in a number of different places with those fingers of his, those expert surgeon's fingers. And once again she flew into a frenzy.

The things he did to her during the next few moments were terrible and exquisite. He was, she knew, merely getting her ready, preparing her, or as they say in the hospital, prepping her for the operation itself, but oh God, she had never known or experienced anything even remotely like this. And it was all exceedingly quick, for in what seemed to her no more than a few seconds, she had reached that excruciating point of no return where the whole room becomes compressed into a single tiny blinding speck of light that is going to explode and tear one to pieces at the slightest extra touch. At this stage, in a swift rapacious parabola, Conrad swung his body on top of hers for the final act.

And now Anna felt her passion being drawn out of her as if a long live nerve were being drawn slowly out of her body, a long live thread of electric fire, and she cried out to Conrad to go on and on and on, and as she did so, in the middle of it all, somewhere above her, she heard another voice, and this other voice grew louder and louder, more and more insistent, demanding to be heard.

"I said, are you *wearing* something?" the voice wanted to know.

"Oh darling, what is it?"

"I keep asking you, are you *wearing* something?"

"Who, me?"

"There's an obstruction here. You must be wearing a sheath or some other appliance."

"Of course not, darling. Everything's wonderful. Oh, do be quiet."

"Everything is *not* wonderful, Anna."

Like a picture on a screen, the room swam back into focus. In the foreground was Conrad's face. It was suspended above her, on naked shoulders. The eyes were looking directly into hers. The mouth was still talking.

"If you're going to use a device, then for heaven's sake learn to introduce it in the proper manner. There is nothing so aggravating as careless positioning. The sheath has to be placed right back against the cervix."

"But I'm not using anything!"

"You're not? Well, there's still an obstruction."

Not only the room but the whole world seemed slowly to be sliding away from under her now.

"I feel sick," she said.

"You what?"

"I feel sick."

"Don't be childish, Anna."

"Conrad, I'd like you to go, please. Go now."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Go away from me, Conrad!"

"That's ridiculous, Anna. OK, I'm sorry I spoke. Forget it."

"Go away!" she cried. *"Go away! Go away! Go away!"*

She tried to push him away from her, but he was huge and strong and he had her pinned.

"Calm yourself," he said. "Relax. You can't suddenly change your mind like this, in the middle of everything. And for heaven's sake, don't start weeping."

"Leave me alone, Conrad, I beg you."

He seemed to be gripping her with everything he had, arms and elbows, hands and fingers, thighs and knees, ankles and feet. He was like a toad the way he gripped her. He was exactly like an enormous clinging toad, gripping and grasping and refusing to let go. She had seen a toad once doing precisely this. It was copulating with a frog on a stone beside a stream, and there it sat, motionless, repulsive, with an evil yellow gleam in its eye, gripping the frog with its two powerful front paws and refusing to let go.

"Now stop struggling, Anna. You're acting like a hysterical child. For God's sake, woman, what's eating you?"

"You're hurting me!" she cried.

"*Hurting* you?"

"It's hurting me terribly!"

She told him this only to get him away.

"You know why it's hurting?" he said.

"Conrad! Please!"

"Now wait a minute, Anna. Allow me to explain . . ."

"No!" she cried. "I've had enough explaining!"

"My dear woman . . ."

"No!" She was struggling desperately to free herself, but he still had her pinned.

"The reason it hurts," he went on, "is that you are not manufacturing any fluid. The mucosa is virtually dry . . ."

"Stop!"

"The actual name is senile atrophic vaginitis. It comes with age, Anna. That's why it's called *senile* vaginitis. There's not much one can do . . ."

At that point, she started to scream. The screams were not very loud, but they were screams nevertheless, terrible, agonized, stricken screams, and after listening to them for a few seconds, Conrad, in a single graceful movement, suddenly rolled away from her and pushed her to one side with both hands. He pushed her with such force that she fell onto the floor.

She climbed slowly to her feet, and as she staggered into the bathroom, she was crying "Ed! . . . Ed! . . . Ed! . . ." in a queer supplicating voice. The door shut.

Conrad lay very still listening to the sounds that came from behind the door. At first, he heard only the sobbing of the woman, but a few seconds later, above the sobbing, he heard the sharp metallic click of a cupboard being opened. Instantly, he sat up and vaulted off the bed and began to dress himself with great speed. His clothes, so neatly folded, lay ready to hand, and it took him no more than a couple of minutes to put them on. When that was done, he crossed to the mirror and wiped the lipstick off his face with a handkerchief. He took a comb from his pocket and ran it through his fine black hair. He walked once around the bed to see if he had forgotten anything, and then carefully, like a man who is tiptoeing from a room where a child is sleeping, he moved out into the corridor, closing the door softly behind him.

GAS OVER MADISON AVENUE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY GORDON CARLSON

AUTHOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING PLAY WAS INSPIRED BY THE AD FOR LARK CIGARETTES CURRENTLY APPEARING IN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES ACROSS THE NATION. IT IS REPRODUCED AT RIGHT.

[Scene: the offices of Fetus, Flatus, Fetish, and Faddish, Public Relations Counsel to the Tobacco Custom. FETISH speaks.]

FETISH

For chrissakes, Klabber, how many times I gotta tell you there's more to selling cigarettes than dumping some dewy-eyed broad on her behind in the dogwood blossoms?

KLABBER

I plead guilty, boss, and throw myself on the mercy of the grandest guy in PR. I just can't seem to shake loose of that tired old sales decoy—sex.

FETISH

Klabber, you are the living proof of how far an American boy can go on nothing but crap. But I'm not over-paying you to kiss my bezazz. You gotta think toxic. An ad agency that can't find nothing wrong with the client's product, they should be out pushing grass or something.

KLABBER

I got the idea, boss, and I'm hoping this little confection will restore me to the royal favor. Picture a full page in The Times, right opposite the obits. A headline shrieks, "GAS IN CIGARETTE SMOKE MAY BE A BIGGER PROBLEM THAN TAR AND NICOTINE. ONLY MIASMAS HAVE THE GAS-TRAP FILTER."

FETISH

It's genius, Klabber, sheer hundred-millimeter genius. Only, as usual, you have swiped it from someone smart enough to bring an action against us.

KLABBER

Boss, it's insights like that which has catapulted you to the top of this corporate multi-swindle, while me, I'm just another schmuck. But how's this for getting switched back onto the creative wave length? "SMOKE STERILLOS, THE CIGARETTE THAT UNMANNED FOUR OUT OF FIVE LEADING GYNECOLOGISTS."

FETISH

Klabber, if it wasn't that my taxes would be paying for your welfare check, I'd have laid you off a long time ago. It don't take a quack medico to figure out that plugging the product as a birth-control device will increase sales.

KLABBER

Forget it, boss. I'm already marching to a different drum. I see this raggedly-looking egg-head-type wasting away in some third-rate think-tank. Headline: STRONTIUM 20'S TRAVEL THE FALL-OUT THROUGH AN EIGHT-INCH LEAD SHIELD.

Most of cigarette smoke is gas.
And only Lark has the Gas-Trap filter.
For years now, smokers have been told only about "tar" and nicotine. But it's well-known now that this is only part of the story.
Actually, only a small portion of cigarette smoke is "tar" and nicotine. The rest is made up of gases—certain of which are harsh.
This is why Lark developed the Gas-Trap® filter (U.S. Pat. No. 3,251,366). It reduces these harsh gases more effectively than any other filter on any other popular brand. You can actually taste the smooth difference Lark's unique filter makes.
Only Lark has the Gas-Trap® filter.
LARK
Think about it.

[On KLABBER's last lines, the door is flung off its hinges and the ivy-clad figure of DR. A. BROADLEAF LESION sweeps into the room.]

LESION

Not bad, Buster. Not bad at all for a money-grubbing little Mad-Ave pimp. But what this project needs is the imprimatur of the academic consortium.

FETISH

I can't deny that that festering head wound certainly bespeaks contact with young scholars. But tell me, sir, what rare credentials warrant this trespass into the advertising art?

LESION

Let's leave it that I'm an important researcher for one of America's major dispensers of educational bunkum. It could be Harvard, Eli, or other hallowed hall.

[He cadges a butt from KLABBER's trouser-cuff and inhales expansively.]

I've got to hand it to your laboratories. This is the lousiest smoke that ever cut twenty years off a promising career.

KLABBER

Could you put that in writing? With a testimonial like that, there's no limit—

LESION

Wrong again, Fido. What you hucksters lack is historical perspective.

KLABBER

For instance?

LESION

For instance, with knowledge doubling every five years and fornication doubling every five minutes, what is a bigger problem than tar and nicotine?

FETISH

Why, the gas in cigarette smoke, of course.

LESION

Just as I figured. Your diagnosis is already yesterday. The biggest problem confronting the American public today is the gas in cigarette advertising. And, what's worse, the human filter has an almost infinite capacity to absorb the stuff.

[Struck dumb by the rigor of his logic, FETISH and KLABBER clasp hands and jump, or are pushed, some seventy stories to the pavement below. LESION affects an existential smile as the curtain falls.]

THE END

ARE YOU AVANT-GARDE?... OR DERRIERE? WHICHEVER, WE THINK YOU'LL LIKE OUR OFFER, SO PLEASE DROP YOUR GARDE AND READ ON

Dear Reader,

As you know, Avant-Garde is dedicated to the future. However, it is not indifferent to the glories of the past. And so we are pleased to announce publication of one of the most devastatingly beautiful volumes in art history: **Nudes of Yesteryear**.

Nudes of Yesteryear is no ordinary artbook: it is the quintessence of over 100 years of classic nude figure photography. It will undoubtedly stand as one of history's most towering tributes to the beauty of the female form.

The creation of **Nudes of Yesteryear** was a formidable undertaking. It required literally thousands upon thousands of man-hours of toil (labor of love, you might call it). Researchers were dispatched to libraries, museums, and photo archives on three continents. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin (who happens also to be the art director of Avant-Garde), was retained to design the book. And nothing but the finest craftsmanship—including duotone offset lithography, Kabel typography, and pre-imprinted case-binding, ordinarily found in artbooks costing upwards of $25—was ordered for the book's manufacture.

Like any artbook, **Nudes of Yesteryear** is difficult to describe with words. If, as Confucius said, a picture is worth a thousand words, not even the most complete thesaurus could do justice to **Nudes of Yesteryear**. Moreover, since no volume quite like **Nudes of Yesteryear** has ever appeared before, it defies comparison. Suffice it to say that **Nudes of Yesteryear** is perhaps the most novel, exuberant, and intoxicatingly beautiful volume ever printed—a thing of beauty and a joy forever, if ever there was one.

Of course the chief attraction of **Nudes of Yesteryear** is its women (you might call them its *pieces de résistance*). Whether gracing a velvet divan, gamboling through a field of wheat, preening before the mirror of Venus, modeling in an artist's studio, or mounting a street-photographer's donkey, the ladies in **Nudes of Yesteryear** are absolutely sensational! They're bathtub gin, pink-ribbon garters, love in a rumbleseat, French post cards, a curtained bed, tumbling in a hayloft, skinny-dipping in the moonlight. They're the kookiest, campiest, most voluptuous, sportive, and daring women ever to cavort before the winking eye of a camera.

Copies of **Nudes of Yesteryear** are being made available to readers of Avant-Garde and no one else. We have decided upon this policy because the supply of copies is limited and we'd like the book to fall into the hands of those who we believe will appreciate it most—namely, our own readers. To be absolutely certain that this occurs, we are going to make what is probably the most astonishing offer you've ever received in your life. *We're going to send you a copy of* **Nudes of Yesteryear** *ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

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The Editors

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ARE YOU AVANT-GARDE?
...OR DERRIERE?

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